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Just a prize baby. That's all!

CHICAGO LEDGER

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The Way of the World

By Sol Silverwig

JOSHUWAY GREGG was a young farmer and he lost his wife.

Whether she fell up the garret stairs or down the cellar stairs and broke her neck has nothing to do with this sketch.

For a year Joshuway Gregg had lived alone. He had made his own bed and cooked his meals and had felt grief tugging at his heartstrings. One day, as he was working among the potato vines, he said to himself:

"I'll be gosh-hanged if I stand it any longer! I am going to take a second wife, and I will put her thru her paces when I get her. She shall cook and iron and scrub and make the beds, and milk the cows, and she shall earn her way.

The main thing was to find the wife. Josh had cast his eyes around and had found no fitting bride. He must go abroad for one, and this he decided to do.

And They Were Close Together.

On a certain morning he rose early and took the train for the city. He had four hundred dollars of the long green in his pocket, and he had the independence belonging to rich men. He was going to find a wife and bring her home with him. Just how he was to do this, he did not know, but trusted to luck.

Joshuway Gregg had traveled. He had been to the village of Dolby, six miles away, many times. He had also visited the village of Hocomus, nine miles away, and had found his way back home. On the car, in going to the city, he acted just like an old traveler, and nobody thought him a turnip top. When he reached the depot he got off, and was hanging around, not exactly knowing what to do, when a depot policeman accosted him with:

"Well, Hayseed, what are you hanging around here for?"

Josh was so insulted that he made no reply.

"You are as green as grass," continued the policeman, "and you had better keep your eyes open. If you have as much as 50 cents in your pocket you had better hand it over to me to take care of it for you."

Josh went out of that depot with rage burning in his heart, and whither he went, he cared not. He walked and walked, and by and by he came to a public park. He sat himself down to view the landscape, and estimate how much corn the park could raise. He was busy with his figures, when a woman sat down on the other end of the bench. Josh cast sheep's-eyes at her and saw that she was very good-looking. He also noticed that she was stout and strong, and that all things were in her favor. He was wondering who she was, when she coughed.

NO ATTENTION was paid to her first cough, but when she continued it, Josh said to himself:

"Why, that woman is coughing to attract my attention, and so I will cough in return!"

He coughed.

She coughed.

They coughed in unison.

Then Josh, who was a very brave man, and who had a grandfather at Bunker Hill, moved to the center of the bench.

Then the woman moved and they were close together. It was better thus, and they soon realized it.

"It is a pleasant day," said Josh.

"It is as fine as they make them," replied the woman.

"Do you come often to the park?" continued Josh.

"Oh, very often," was the reply. "I come here because I am lonesome elsewhere. I have never loved yet and am all alone in the world."

"So am I," said Josh. "Sometimes I am driven to associate with cows and hogs, because of my loneliness."

"What a shame!" exclaimed the woman. "I take it that you are a farmer?"

"You are correct. I own a farm of one hundred acres. I have four cows, forty sheep, one hundred hens, seven hogs and a pair of horses. I am easily worth ten thousand dollars."

"What a blessing! Oh, how I should love to live out in the country! All is so quiet and there is so much love out there. If ever I marry, it will be to a farmer."

"But why not marry me?" said Josh, with his heart in his mouth.

"Are you a kind man?" asked the woman.

"The kindest ever was!"

"Do you swear or chew tobacco?"

"Nay, nay."

"Would you always love me, if I consented to be your wife?"

"I would love you till death!"

"Do you like potatoes boiled with the skins on?"

"I like 'em in any way."

"Then I consent," she said, as she held out her hand.

Josh took it and squeezed it and blushed like a boy 10 years old.

"When shall the happy event take place?" asked the woman.

"Now—right away," answered Josh. "I want you to go right home with me."

"I love you, and I will," said the woman. "You can put your arm about me if you desire."

The arm of Josh went around her and his lips touched her cheek. There were people in the park who saw it, but they had no censure. There was a policeman strolling around who saw it and he said to himself:

"Poor fools, they dream of love, but when they come to pay the rent and their coal, they will dream of hard times. It is queer that Nature made us so silly."

THE woman went away to change her attire. She said she might be gone half an hour, and then return and

(Concluded on Page 19.)

$13.95 Goodyear Raincoat Free

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 25N-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one write today.—Advertisement.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Imagination.

He—Won't you please kiss me good night?

She—What, foolish, can you imagine my kissing you?

"I sure can!"

"Then do! Good night."

All Over Now!

Hubby—Well, my dear, I've just had my life insured for $5,000.

Wife—Oh, how sweet of you! Now I shan't have to tell you to be careful everywhere you go.

Claim Rebate.

The Patron—Look-a-here, I paid an amusement tax of 10 per cent of the price of my seat.

The Box Office Man—Well?

The Patron—Hand it back, I was not amused.

Much Used.

Flatbush—My wife wants me to buy her a new dictionary.

Bensonhurst—What for, pray?

"Oh, she's worn out nearly all the words in our old one."

A Public Menace.

"It's jes like de ole proverb say, niggah. A little knowledge am a dangerous thing."

"If dat am so, then yuh sho' am totin' a big block ob dynamite aroun' on yoh neck."

A Sad Case.

North—Webster was injured in Government service.

West—Wounded in the war?

"No. He worked in the rehabilitation department and fell out of his desk chair while asleep."

Depressing Conditions.

Doctor—Your trouble is dyspepsia; you should laugh heartily before and after your meals.

Patient—Impossible, doctor. I cook them myself and then I wash the dishes.

Run Down.

"Doctor, I'm sure I'm getting all the exercise I need."

"There's no indication of it."

"No wonder. You have only looked at my tongue. But you just ought to see the soles of my shoes."

Used to It.

"Need any more talent for your moving picture dramas?"

"We might use you. Had any experience at acting without audiences?"

"Acting without audiences is what brought me here."

Danger Was Sweet.

The Heroic Star—I'm tired of these breakneck stunts. Haven't you another part for me?

The Director—Nothing but a lover's part, playing opposite your wife.

"Lead me back to the cliff."

Posted.

"Remember, Charlie dear, I always love like this," she sighed as she nestled a little closer to him.

"Yes! Yes!" murmured he absently. "So I have heard! So I have heard!"

Those Girls.

Miss Thinn—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite?

Her Friend—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothespole look graceful!

Lengthy Courtship.

"I guess I didn't enthuse enough over the first kiss."

"What do you mean, girlie?"

"Charlie was pretty slow. I was ready for it two years before it happened."

FORGOTTEN.

See-Saw, Margery Daw,
Maggie has got a new feller;
She wears his pin, if you please,
It's on her chem—
I just heard the laundryman tell 'er!

Planting Time.

Bacon—When a young man plants a kiss on a young lady's cheek, what does it raise?

Egbert—Why, he raises the young lady's hopes, of course.

Economy.

Drinker—Gimme a horse's neck!

Drunker—Make mine a 'orshe's tail—ain't no ushe killin' two 'orshes.

Brain Teasers.

Pairs.

189—There are certain words usually named together; what are they?

1. Children, "J and J."
2. Animals, "L and U."
3. Grown-ups, "K. and Q."
4. Flowers, "Bs and Ds."

Four-word Square.

190—1. A thought.
2. A term of affection.
3. A nobleman.
4. A boy's name.

Enigma.

191—I am composed of 11 letters.
My 6-4-11 do purchase.
My 2-3-9 note the passage of time.
My 8-7-5-10-1 form a tree.
My whole is an American holiday.

Changed Finals.

192—I am what we say when we hear a noise in the night; change my last letter and I am what iron is; change it again and I hurt; again and I am a heavenly instrument of music.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

185—Double Acrostic.

F—rum—P
L—arc—H
A—lon—E
M—ari—A
I—sle—S
N—ubi—A
G—roa—N
O—ver—T

186—Enigma.

NOVEMBER.
mob.
never.

187—Progressive Words.

1. Elm. 2. Mar. 3. Rat. 4. Ton. 5. Now. 6. Win. 7. Nag. 8. Gig. 9. Gay. 10. Yen.

188—Diamond.

L
B E E
L E A V E
E V A
E

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

GETTING GRAY?

It's no longer necessary to use hair dyes to bring your gray hairs back to natural color and we intend to prove it to thousands in every part of the United States at our risk, nothing to pay unless Kolor-Bak brings your gray hairs back to their original color, no matter what the color was. Not a dye or stain—not greasy, mussy or muddy, absolutely stainless, colorless and guaranteed harmless and that is more than can be said of any hair dye. Guaranteed to cure dandruff in two applications, stop falling hair and it's the simplest treatment in the world. The discovery was made that gray hair, dandruff and falling hair are produced by the same cause, inert follicles and pigments. Results come astonishingly quick. Write Hygienic Laboratories, 3334-3338 West 38th Street, Dept. 11339, Chicago, for free book which explains everything and gives positive proof.—Adv.

HIS HEARING RESTORED

The invisible ear drum invented by A. O. Leonard, which is a miniature megaphone, fitting inside the ear entirely out of sight, is restoring the hearing of hundreds of people in New York city. Mr. Leonard invented this drum to relieve himself of deafness and head noises, and it does this so successfully that no one could tell he is a deaf man. It is effective when deafness is caused by catarrh or by perforated, or wholly destroyed natural drums. A request for information to A. O. Leonard, Suite 116, 70 Fifth ave., New York city, will be given a prompt reply.—Adv.

The Sign of the Flaming Cross

By Harold F. Podhaski

AS I SIT here at my desk and write these lines I can look from my window out upon the shadowy panorama of a great city which stretches away for miles beneath me. The hour is late and while the streets just below seem flooded with the fire of a million lights, the clustered houses in the distance are dark and silent as the city sleeps. And the thought comes to me that out there beneath the roofs of those darkly-clustered houses there are secrets locked in the bosoms of those who sleep—secrets that make this drama of life the greatest mystery of all. And night and day as the pulse beats time to its pathos, its humor and its tragedies, onward it moves toward the end.

This is the story of an everyday man—perhaps one of those sleepers somewhere out there beneath my window. Anyway, his name was Robert Horton and his friends called him "Bob." He was a man about town, 28, but still unmarried, and a chap well liked by those with whom he came in contact. He was the owner of a prosperous business left him by his father, who had passed into the Great Beyond some five years before.

Up to a certain point the life of Robert Horton ran its course in a smooth, even tone, with naught of great moment to disturb the tenor of its ways. And then one day Fate stretched forth its mighty hand, picked him up bodily and sat him down in the vortex of a maelstrom. It all happened in the short space of forty-eight hours, but in that time momentous things came to pass in the life of Robert Horton. And when it was all over Fate brought him back again into the realm of everyday things and

"We Then Transferred the Gold to These Chests and Reburied Our Treasure."

his step went on along the paths it had known before. So be it——

"The Moving Finger writes; and having writ, moves on——"

It all began with a letter that came to Horton with the last mail late one afternoon. He had already donned his hat and coat and was preparing to leave the office when a clerk brought in the small batch of letters and laid them upon his desk. There were not more than half a dozen and he glanced thru them hurriedly, consigning each to its proper department for attention. The fifth envelope he opened contained a single sheet of paper and written across its face in red ink was a very strange inscription——

"The Sign of the Flaming Cross."

Horton stood for a moment holding the sheet of paper between his fingers, staring at the six words that were written upon it, wondering what in the world they could mean. He picked up the envelope and noted that it was properly addressed to himself and marked "Personal." It had been postmarked from the Central Station less than two hours before.

Finally he gave it up and returning the sheet of paper to its envelope he slipped it into the inner pocket of his coat. A joke, perhaps, or some sort of an advertising stunt that he would hear more about in a day or two. And so, for the time being at least, he dismissed the matter from his mind.

Since the death of his father Robert Horton and his mother had lived alone with two or three servants in their home near the outskirts of the city. They were dining together that night before Horton thought again of the strange letter he had received in the afternoon.

"Mother," he said, "here's something that came to me thru the mail this afternoon. Personally I can't make head or tail of it, but I suppose it's something in the way of an advertising stunt—or possibly a joke. What do you think of it?"

As he spoke Horton drew the envelope from an inner pocket and passed it across the table to his mother. Adjusting her glasses Mrs. Horton unfolded the single sheet of paper and glanced at the strange inscription scrawled in red ink across its face. The change which came over her was sudden and remarkable.

"My God!" she gasped and the paper slipped from her nerveless fingers to the floor. The color that had been in her cheeks a moment before gave way to a pallor that was almost death-like; some strange emotion seemed to hold her in its grip and her bosom rose and fell as tho it were hard for her to breathe; in the depths of her eyes an awful fear as of some invisible power about to strike her down.

She must surely have fainted had not Horton rushed to her side and pressed a glass of water to her fevered lips. Deeply she drank of its contents and in a moment she seemed to recover some vestige of her self-control. But the pallor was still in her cheeks, the fear in the depths of her eyes.

"Mother! What is wrong? Are you ill?" Horton querried anxiously.

"No! No! Robert! Not ill. Just—just upset for a moment. That letter—when did you receive it?"

"In the last mail this afternoon, mother. But surely there's nothing about it to frighten you like this. Why, it's probably only a joke or——"

"God in Heaven! If it only were!" she interrupted. "Listen, my boy, it was just such a message as this that sent your father to his grave."

"Mother! What in the world do you mean?"

"Robert, I have never told you the whole truth about your father's death, but I will tell you now. You were in the West, you remember, when I wired you to come home, and he died before you could reach here.

"The day before his death we were sitting here at this very table at breakfast when the morning mail was brought in. I remember it as tho it were only yesterday. He was opening the letters when I suddenly heard him cry out and for a moment I thought that he must have had another stroke. When I reached his side, however, I saw that he was holding a single sheet of paper in his hand that he had just taken from one of the envelopes. And Robert, written on that sheet of paper in red ink were those same words——

"'The Sign of the Flaming Cross.'

"All that day your father acted like a man demented. He locked himself in his study and he refused to come out even to eat his meals.

"My room was just above his study then and for a long time after I had gone to bed that night I heard him walking back and forth across the floor. And then finally I went to sleep.

"At about 1 o'clock I was suddenly awakened by the most awful cry I have ever heard. It seemed to come from your father's study and I hurriedly slipped into my dressing-gown intending to go down and see if anything were wrong. And as I reached the door of my room I heard it again. Oh, Robert, it was awful! The memory of it will never leave me as long as I shall live. Sometimes I wake up in the dark silence of the night and I seem to hear it again——

"'My God! It is the Flaming Cross!'

"I wonder that I did not faint then and there, but somehow I managed to get downstairs and I was surprised to find that the door to your father's study was unlocked. I turned on the lights and there he lay in the middle of the floor, his body stretched out over the rug and the most terrible expression on his face that I have ever seen. The windows of the room were all tightly shut and even the curtains had been drawn down to the sills. There was a sickening odor in the air and it almost overpowered me before I was able to open one of the windows.

"At first I thought that your father was dead, but when I knelt down by his body I found that he was only unconscious. Somehow I managed to get him to the couch and then I called Dr. Long.

"From that moment he sank very rapidly and the next morning I wired you to come home at once. He died that night, and only for few moments just before he passed did he recover his consciousness. He called me to him then and tried hard to tell me something about a paper he had written, but the end came before he could finish.

"That is all, my dear boy, and you can understand now why I was so upset by that letter."

"But, mother, what does it all mean?"

"Robert, I do not know. Your father was always very reticent about his past life. When I first met him he was a rather wild young man and I judged from some of the things he said that he had seen much of the world. But he would never tell me anything about the earlier days of his youth and somehow I have always felt there were things in the past that would not bear the light of truth."

"Yes, mother dear, I guess you are right. But the doctor, what did he say?"

"It was heart trouble that caused your father's death. He was always afflicted with it, you know,

but doubtless the incident I have told you of hastened the end. I told the doctor nothing whatever about it. I knew that it could do no good and I have always believed that it was best to let the dead past bury its dead."

"You said that just before he died father tried to tell you something about a paper he had written. Have you any idea what he meant?"

"No I haven't, my boy. I only know that he said he had written something and he wanted me to read it after he had died. He was trying to tell me where he had placed it, I believe, when he was seized with another convulsion and the end came shortly afterwards."

II.

FOR a long time after he had retired that night Robert Horton lay awake thinking of the strange story his mother had told him, wondering what role Fate had cast him to play in this very thrilling drama. He was not inclined to let the message he had received worry him to any great degree, for whatever it might have meant in his father's life, in his own case a possible motive appeared to be entirely lacking. He knew that it had made a very deep impression upon his mother, but that seemed to be quite natural under the circumstances. It was entirely possible, too, that she had somewhat exaggerated the facts. She was a woman of very nervous temperament and the strange manner of her husband's death might well have left its mark upon her. She had heard him cry out in the night—she had seemed very certain of the words she had said came from his lips. Still, she might easily have been mistaken. To Horton it was too unnatural a thing to believe. He was willing to admit that it was all certainly very strange and unusual, but for the life of him he could not see why that message had been sent to him——

"The Sign of the Flaming Cross."

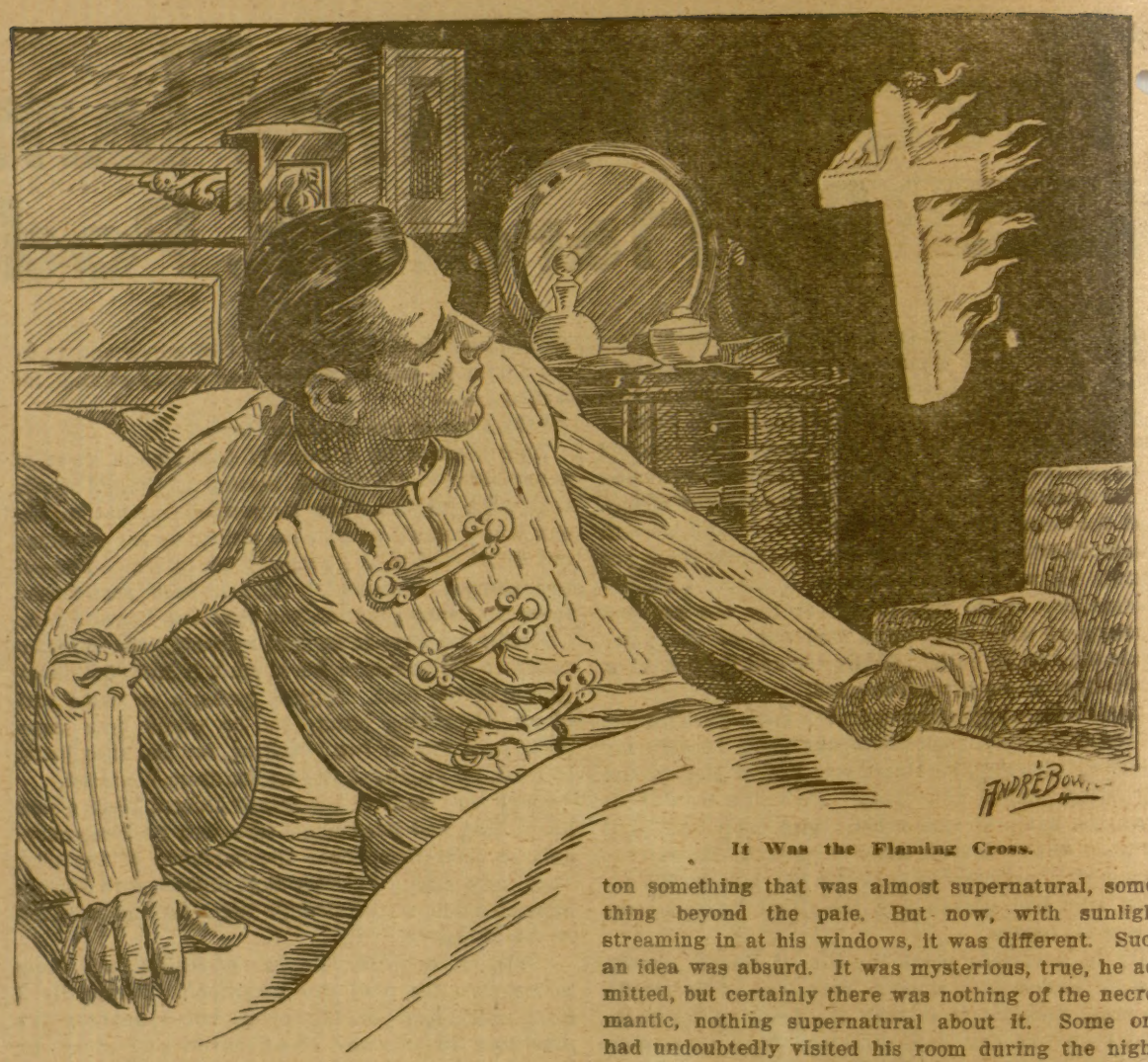
What in the world could it mean? Something to do, no doubt, with his father's early life—but what? It was a problem beyond his understanding and he could only guess at the answer. It seemed very likely that it might possibly be the symbol of some sort of a secret order. If this were true then that sign must also be a warning. Otherwise why should it have affected his father in so serious a manner? But, certainly, the sins of the father were not visited upon the son, so why should they have sent the warning to him? What possible motive could lay behind that strange message he had received?

He wondered, too, what his father could have meant by his reference to the paper he said that he had written. Mrs. Horton had thought that he was trying to tell her where he had placed it when the end came—that he wanted her to read it after he had died.

"I believed it was best to let the dead past bury its dead," his mother had said. Perhaps that might be the reason, too, she had never made any effort to find the paper. His father's study, he knew, had never been disturbed. In the latter years of his life he had spent much of his time within its walls, and Mrs. Horton had left it thus in honor to his memory. It seemed entirely possible that the paper might well be somewhere in his father's study—that it might, too, offer some sort of a solution to this strange mystery. Well, on the morrow, Horton decided, he would have a look for it. And so thinking he finally dozed off into a troubled sleep.

Horton awoke with a start some hours later and, for a moment, he wondered if he had not been dreaming. He sat up in bed and was surprised that the room should be so dark. An impenetrable blackness seemed to envelop him. There was a light, he knew, at the street corner beyond, and, wondering, he glanced toward the windows. He was astonished to note that the curtains of both had been drawn down entirely to the sills. Horton himself had certainly not left them that way and the discovery startled him more than he was willing to admit. He was conscious, too, of a strange, pungent odor in the air as of some phosphoric substance burning close at hand. It choked him and he was on the point of crawling from his bed to raise the windows when he thought that he heard a slight noise in one of the far corners of the room.

He glanced in that direction and for a fleeting moment he could not believe the evidence of his eyes. It was supernatural. Surely he must still be dreaming—such things were not possible in this day and age of civilization. But no, he was certainly not dreaming. He could see it quite plainly now, there in the far corner of the room, waving slowly back and forth thru the air, gleaming with a dull, phosphoric light, which gave it the appearance of a flaming thing. And the shape of it—as the full significance of this thing he saw flashed into Horton's mind he felt the blood run cold in his veins——



It Was the Flaming Cross.

It was the Flaming Cross.

He sat there in his bed staring at the object, powerless of speech or action. Something he had never known before was in his soul, and that thing was fear—an overmastering fear of some invisible power that he could not understand, yet seemed very real and very close at hand.

The pungent, sickening odor he had detected a few moments before was very much in evidence now and as he breathed it into his lungs it seemed to be choking the life out of his body. He felt his senses reeling and there seemed to be nothing he could do to prevent it. And after a time he sank back upon the pillows of his bed. The last thing he saw as his senses left him was the Flaming Cross waving slowly back and forth thru the air in the far corner of his room.

When Horton again opened his eyes it was broad daylight and the morning sun was streaming in at the windows across the white covers of his bed. He was conscious of a splitting pain in his head and of a physical weakness that was something new to him. As memory came slowly back to him he was at first inclined to believe that it had all been a part of some terrible dream. The windows of his room were wide open, the curtains exactly as he had left them when he retired the night before. He glanced toward the corner of the room where he had seen—or thought he had seen at least—the Flaming Cross. Yes, it had all been a part of an awful dream——

And then suddenly his eye caught sight of something there on the floor and he was out of bed in an instant. He picked the object up and stood for several moments holding it in the palm of his hand, trying to figure out from whence it had come. It was a small black stone, flat, about a half inch in diameter, and looked as tho it might possibly have served as a setting in a ring. But the most amazing thing about it was the carving upon its face of a three-masted schooner under full sail. It was a delicate piece of work that could only have been performed by the hand and the brain of a genius, with the patience of a Job.

Examining the object more closely it seemed to Horton, too, that there was a name inscribed across the bow of the ship, but he could not decipher it with his naked eye. Beneath the lense of a microscope, however, which he happened to have in his room, he could read the name, "Sarah Lee," quite plainly.

After all, then, it had not been a dream. In the dark silence of the night that Flaming Cross waving back and forth thru the air had seemed to Horton something that was almost supernatural, something beyond the pale. But now, with sunlight streaming in at his windows, it was different. Such an idea was absurd. It was mysterious, true, he admitted, but certainly there was nothing of the necromantic, nothing supernatural about it. Some one had undoubtedly visited his room during the night, and that some one had been responsible for the strange phenomenon of the Flaming Cross. And they had left behind them a token in the form of this black stone with the delicate carving upon it.

After he had breakfasted, Horton went at once to his father's study, where he began a careful and a systematic search for the paper he felt sure must be somewhere in the room. He had told his mother nothing of the incident that occurred during the night, for he could see that she was already worried over the matter even more than she was willing to admit. The memory of her husband's tragic death was a thing that she could never efface, and if he were to tell her of the vision that had come to him he felt that he would be placing a burden upon her shoulders that would be more than she could bear.

For an hour or more he conducted his search among his father's old papers, carefully examining every document which looked as tho it might possibly be the thing he sought. And after a time he came upon a bulky envelope with the date, August 27, 1915, written in ink across its face. This was the very day before his father's death. Inside the envelope there were several sheets of foolscap, held together with rubber bands. Horton immediately recognized the handwriting as he unfolded them and began to read the strange, weird story that his father had written.

III.

IT WAS truly a voice from the dead speaking to him there from out of the void. The communication was dated and addressed to Robert's mother:

August 27, 1915.

To My Beloved Wife:

By the time you read these lines I will have entered into that last great sleep from which no man awakes. But I cannot carry with me to the grave the secret that has been locked in my bosom for all these years. If I were to do so I know that my soul could never find the peace that I pray God awaits it in the Great Beyond.

I know that the end is near for I have been marked with the Sign of the Flaming Cross. After all these years that I have lived in peace it is very hard to believe that they have found me out at last. But somehow it seems that I have always known the end would come in just this way, for the wages of sin is death.

For years I have tried hard to live a clean and upright life, and I feel that I have, in some measure at least, made up for the sins of my past. On that score my conscience is clear and I will face my Maker with a prayer upon my lips that He, in His infinite goodness, may forgive me all.

(Continued on Page 15.)

He Who Runs Away

By Artemus Calloway

DAVID BROOKS sojourned in the little Central American coast town of Puerto Arturo because his uncle, J. Crawford Milton, desired to be forever rid of him. J. Crawford Milton didn't intend that David Brooks should remain in Puerto Arturo for any great length of time, but he knew if David didn't remain there that he, J. Crawford, wouldn't be troubled by the boy any more.

David was an unsuspecting sort. Acquaintances, not overly kind, intimated that he had nothing to suspect with. In any event, David himself bore the written message from his uncle to Bert Morrow, that life for David must be made one long, hideous nightmare—the more hideous the better—and that when David could no longer stand it he was to be placed on a boat and sent back to New York. Once back in New York, David, under the agreement, was to be an acknowledged failure and go his own way. Which was exactly what his uncle wished. J. Crawford liked the boy a little less than not at all.

Had J. Crawford Milton searched the world over he could not have found a man better suited to carry out his instructions than Bert Morrow.

Morrow was a big fellow with a shock of auburn hair which was almost red. The freckles on his face and hands looked as if they might have been stolen from a checkerboard, and those who knew Morrow best wouldn't have put the stealing beyond him had there been any occasion for him so doing; of course, he might not commit the actual theft himself—he had underlings to do his dirty work. Added to this there were two shifting dark eyes so close together that another fractional part of an inch and he would have had one eye instead of two.

Morrow's eyes didn't mark his complexion—his complexion didn't match his soul; his complexion was light, very light; his soul was dark, very dark.

But Bert Morrow was just the man J. Crawford Milton wanted for manager of his Central American railroad and timber project. Milton wanted a thoroly competent manager—one who knew and understood the tropics and its people—Morrow was all of that. Milton wanted a man who could betray his own brother if necessary—Morrow could do that even when it was not necessary, just to keep his hand in.

But in this case Milton was passing on to his manager a very simple task. He merely wanted to be rid forever of a nephew who was continually hounding him for a job. It was perfectly true that Milton owed the boy a chance, having received several helpful lifts from David's father back in the days when J. Crawford needed lifts. That, however, was over and done with. David's father didn't count—he was dead—and having lost what little money he had before he died his son was a nuisance.

Bert Morrow frowned when he read his employer's letter. Then he chuckled. He read for the third time that part which fascinated him most:

> . . . Don't let anything of a really dangerous nature happen to David, but make him sick of Central America forever. He isn't very heavy in the head and you can put anything over on him. All I want is for him to return to New York alive and unhurt, but sick body and soul of that part of the world . . .

Morrow chuckled. "I'll make him sick, all right!"

And Morrow made David sick—but David hung on, never for one moment dreaming that the manager was responsible for his misery. He even grew confidential with the manager—as confidential as one can get with such human mistakes.

"It's like this," David once told Morrow. "I've just got to make good down here. If I don't Uncle Crawford is thru with me. I've got to show him that I've got the right stuff in me. Somehow I've had a hard time getting any one to give me a chance and I can't fail now. Now you take Mark Hinton of New York, he's got property down here and I tried to get a place with him——"

A slow smile crept over Morrow's face. He knew all about that property of Hinton's. Some of the finest timber in the world on it. But it was back in the interior and Hinton couldn't get a concession for a railroad, therefore the timber was worthless.

Time had been when Hinton's prospects had been brighter. Garcia, at that time president of this particular Central American Republic, was about to grant Hinton his railroad concessions. Then it was that J. Crawford Milton's money backed a revolution and when it was over Garcia, really a decent sort, had fled for his life and Henriquez Mendoza, J. Crawford's tool, occupied the president's chair. Thus died Hinton's hopes. Morrow's handiwork had shown quite plainly in the affair and he gave himself more than one complimentary pat on the back for his headwork.

J. Crawford had long coveted the rich timber lands owned by Mark Hinton, and now it looked as if he must surely reap the reward for his labors. Mendoza would grant Hinton no concession. Hinton was pressed for money—he would be forced to sell his holdings to Milton—at Milton's own price.

IN LINE with instructions Morrow succeeded in making things decidedly unpleasant for David. Certain hirelings were perfectly willing to handle the delicate details. Of course, they were not fully in Morrow's confidence, but enough so for the present purpose.

David really was pretty much of a dunce. He was no fit subject for the insane asylum, but he was simply lacking in hard, common sense and worldly experience. Possibly had his training been different—but it wasn't. His father hadn't lived to attend to his training; his mother wanted a daughter and tried to make one of David—then she followed the father. So there was David.

The head of the department in which Morrow placed David received his instructions. He gave the boy all sorts of mean tasks. Once he was told to take inventory of the crossties in five miles of railroad under a pitiless tropical sun. Then, this finished, he was sent back over the same track to count the spikes in the ties. That over, and his report turned in, he was told to go back and count the nuts, bolts and washers; then the steel rails, and as a finishing touch the steel fishplates with which the rails were fastened together.

David was dull, there is no denying that, but he did possess a certain quality which fond fathers tell their sons is one of life's essentials. This is—in plain, every-day English—stickability. David had hunks of it—gobs of it.

Word was passed around that the inventory taking job hadn't done the work, and that more drastic steps should be taken. They were.

For the first time since his arrival in Central America, David was received on terms of apparent equality by a bunch of which Big Wallace was the acknowledged leader. Big Wallace had been in the tropics for years and his reputation was none too savory even in a land where reputations are given but scant consideration. He boasted of many affairs with the gentler sex—some of them true—some of them the children of his fertile imagination. Just as Bert Morrow was a ready tool of J. Crawford Milton, so was Big Wallace a readier tool of Bert Morrow.

For some unknown reason a certain type of men gathered around Big Wallace. These regarded him pretty much as a hero. This crowd was for the most part made up of young fellows just down from the States, who, unaccustomed to the country and its customs, found in the seasoned old-timer one who in exchange for their flattery and hero-worship, bestowed upon them a certain tolerance and patronage which they fondly imagined to be the mark of equality.

Another class also existed in the charmed circle. This was composed of those who, regardless of how long they had been in the country, would never do that, or any other country any good. They were pretty much Big Wallace's type without his highly developed audacity and power of leadership. So, this latter crowd hung around Big Wallace, hoping that some of the favors which came to him from headquarters might be distributed in their vicinity. That the majority of their hopes were never fulfilled did not dishearten—they believed in the future—satisfied to bask in the sunshine of the local manager's favorite.

So—the stage was set for David's undoing. For days Big Wallace and others worked on him. Men who had never before noticed the boy now cultivated him. He received invitations to join the crowd which frequented the bar of the Hotel International, a rough frame structure erected solely for the purpose of separating J. Crawford Milton's employes from their coin. That the place was not owned by the suave native who ran it occurred to but few. They never dreamed as they emptied their pockets that the money would eventually find itself in the purse of J. Crawford Milton.

David found the crowd which frequented the Hotel International a merry one. And he has been very lonely. There was plenty to drink there and David, who liked a glass of wine or occasionally something stronger, had only kept away because he found no enjoyment in drinking alone. He was a sociable sort.

And one night when the boy had a little more than his share Big Wallace suggested that David make a speech. David was perfectly willing to make a speech. Upon what subject should he try his oratorical powers?

Willing arms placed David on a table. Big Wallace suggested that he cut loose on politics—roast the manner in which the republic was being governed.

David knew little of the manner in which the officials bled the little country. He had heard some of the whispered uncomplimentary remarks about the president. And he was feeling good.

His harangue being in English, meant but little to the majority of the natives in the place, but there were two citizens of the Republic present who understood every word he uttered. Once or twice they cheered David; occasionally they spoke in undertones to each other.

David paid high tribute to the deposed president—Garcia; he took the hide off Mendoza. He declared that the day was near when Garcia would return and things be righted.

Big Wallace, standing near by, prompted David from time to time—kept up steam when he displayed signs of running down. Finally David finished and he was escorted to the bar.

Then the crowd broke up. Some strolled out to the little steamer at J. Crawford's docks; she was due to sail some time that night. The steward was a good fellow, who could be persuaded to smuggle in certain things from the States; they had orders for him. Others went to their rooms.

An hour after the speechmaking David was in his room in a rambling frame building at the edge of town, only a short distance from the docks. Not only was he in the room, he was in bed. Also, he was asleep—a heavy, drunken sleep.

He was aroused by being thrown violently on the floor. A hoarse voice commanded that he "Get up! Hell's to pay!"

David was in no hurry to pay it. He tried to crawl back into bed, only to be jerked back again; half a pitcher of water was thrown in his face; from a short distance away came a volley of rifle shots; several men ran by the place.

David was now thoroly awake. He recognized his visitor as Big Wallace. The other was thrusting his clothes upon him.

"What——?" gasped David.

"No time to talk," growled Big Wallace. "You raised h—l with that speech of yours."

"How?"

Big Wallace was throwing a few things into David's suitcase. "No time to take your trunk. I'll ship it to you. Some friends of Garcia's were at the hotel tonight—they heard your speech—it started a revolution. Some of Mendoza's friends were there, too, and they think you're with the Garcia crowd. If

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One of the Three Men Dropped, the Other Two Ran Away.

Concluding

The Recoil

By Alvah Milton Kerr

She Stood by the Door, Waiting.

DOCTOR DUDSON yielded, exacting a pledge that his victim should disappear during the coming night, with Chicago's Chinese quarter as his objective. But Dudson himself had blunted the keen edge of the young man's moral sense; the pledge of the once truthful, splendid youth was worth nothing. Having taken a dose of the intoxicant, its power to elate, to infuse false strength, seemed to renew him.

The Doctor telephoned him at 7 o'clock that evening, harshly demanding if he were making ready to go. Swaim replied that he was, but the statement was not true. Instead, he went up the long slope to Judith's home. He had not ventured there for three days, he must see her, she would be expecting him, he told himself. When he had plenty of the poison, and was with Judith, life seemed to him elysian.

But Judith herself was far from content; thru several weeks she had been perplexed, apprehensive, anxious. Something was wrong with Carl; could there have been insanity among his people? She regretted the thought, but his behavior and appearance at times were astonishingly strange.

Others, too, had been wondering. Of course, one who did such exacting work, who was up all night, who tried to sleep during the day in hot summer weather, quite naturally would look white and be nervous. Most night train-dispatchers looked ill, anyhow. Thus the comment ran, especially at night about the station offices.

Working, as Swaim did, during the last half of the night, the division superintendent, the train-master and the chief dispatcher, rarely saw him. One man, Park Mullen, who dispatched the east end of the division while Swaim was on duty, queried with himself more than once as to what the trouble could be. But there was really nothing to report, save that the young west end dispatcher was nervous and obviously not well. In Swaim, new to the drug, the utter wreckage that finally crowns the work of the satanic substance had not been reached; the derangement was yet, for the most part, in the subtler essences of him.

Judith, more clearly than others, saw this growing inner havoc mirrored in his eyes and flesh, and felt it more clearly than she saw. But upon this evening, when he came to her much later than his habit, her perplexity rose to alarm. That which he had become was more obvious, the light in his eyes more feverous, his pallor deeper. He laughed hysterically as he faced her. His words were strained and banal.

She caught him by the wrists and drew him toward her, looking with piercing anxiety into his face. "Carl, what is the matter with you? Is it insanity that is coming upon you? Was there—was there madness in your family? There is something awful—I can't stand it any longer—I must know!"

For answer he jerked his wrists from her trembling hold, flung himself back and glared at her with animal-like eyes. Then suddenly he threw himself face downward upon a lounge and began to weep. The girl stared at him a moment, then knelt and put her arms about him and began tearfully expressing her pity and alarm. He shook her off and sat up, looking at her wildly.

"Judith," he cried, "don't you know what I am? I am a morphine eater! I am all shot to pieces! I am crazy. I promised Doc Dudson I'd go away, but I can't! He's fed me the dope since last winter! I didn't know what he was giving me! He's murdered me, he's poisoned me; I'm not fit to live! Oh, my God!" And, whining sickeningly, he leaped up, snatched his hat and ran out.

As he sprang down the porch steps and away, Doctor Dudson came from behind some shrubbery near a window. A wisp of light that fell across him revealed a face that fear had suddenly made ghastly. He moved away quickly in the gloom, glancing back at the house in sharp anxiety.

As for Judith, she stood for a little time numbed and helpless with horror. Then she stepped to a telephone and called Doctor Dudson's number. When she received no response she went up the stair to her room, and taking a revolver from the drawer of a dresser, passed thru the moonlit night into town. Doctor Dudson was not in his office. She stood waiting by the door a long time, her right hand hidden in the folds of her gown. Finally she went slowly back home. Three times during the night she called Dudson's telephone number without avail; once she called the dispatcher's office. Park Mullen answered:

"Yes, Carl is at work. He came in rather late and doesn't look very well, but he is working, all right."

She hung up the receiver and sat staring in dumb misery. What should she do? Superintendent Arnold and Chief Dispatcher Marley ought to be told of this, but she scarcely knew them; and could she expose the man she loved? At any rate, tomorrow Carl must resign, then she would take him to a sanitarium. Would she? Could she do it? A shudder of revulsion swept over her. And Doctor Dudson? She glanced at the revolver lying near her, then took it in her hand and regarded it narrowly. Was she, too, going insane? She threw it in a drawer and turned the key. Then she began pacing the floor again, wandering to and fro miserably in the lower rooms of the house, as she had done for hours.

Down in the dispatcher's office Carl Swaim struggled to keep his mind fixed upon the train-sheet before him. Thru four hours he had pitted such powers as remained to him against the demands of his task. He felt inexpressibly exhausted, every nerve in his body seemed to quiver and cry out for the drug. By times the ever-changing positions of the trains rushing along the miles of single track stretching westward from the station, seemed to blur, and grow indistinct to him. In such moments fear gripped him. What if he gave a defective order! He clutched the edge of the great flat-topped desk, upon which the instruments chattered, and tried to steady himself. How he hungered for the poison! But he must not take more of it, he told himself, he must break the black habit; Judith would never tell, no one need ever know. So ran his illusions.

NEAR 3 o'clock in the morning a curious thing had fallen, a sardonic trick of fate. Don Braffet, the way operator, at an extension of the main telegraph line, received a message from Cedar Forks, twenty-two miles west of Green Gap, addressed to Doctor Dudson. It begged him to come at once to a patient at Cedar Forks, hurt in a late and hilarious joy ride.

Braffet, after vainly employing the telephone, called a messenger and dispatched him in search of Dudson. Ten minutes later the boy returned, having delivered the wire. He reported to Braffet that he had encountered Dudson, on foot, in the street not far from the station, and that "the Doctor looked scart, or had been drinking, or something." To Carl Swaim and Park Mullen, deep in one of the most absorbing games played by man, the transaction was as if it had occurred beyond the sea.

But to Doctor Dudson it was of vital pertinence. He must busy himself, as usual, and hope that the thunder clouds gathering above him might discharge themselves on the morrow in a drizzle rather than in lightning. Hurrying to his office, he secured a handcase of surgeon's tools and came back into the railroad yards. Freight train No. 16 was due to go west. He climbed up into the cab of her engine; the engineer was a particularly good friend and patron of his; he would drop off at Cedar Forks and return on a passenger train in the morning; it would be less fatiguing than to drive his car the forty-odd miles involved in the journey. He frequently did this sort of thing, the common friendliness of it bringing him business among the families of the employes.

Now, when the train had battered clamorously over the switch-frogs and was among the mysterious, moonlit fields, a faint uneasiness crept upon him as he sat perched upon the fireman's seat. Back in Green Gap one who was distempered close to madness sat at a telegraph key, ordering the movements of trains! In his insanity of jealousy and hatred Dudson had not considered the public, only the ruin of Swaim. Now this submitting of himself to risk occurred to him as being a bit foolish. However, the train was a regular one and on schedule time; it would hardly need telegraph orders. But the morrow—what would happen on the morrow?

Time had slipped forward to 4 o'clock in the morning. Swaim longed unspeakably for the poison. He looked about him, at the pale, absorbed face of Park Mullen, dispatching the east end trains from the opposite side of the broad table; at Don Braffet, dead white from night work, sagging forward in his chair as his fingers danced on a telegraph key; at the green-shaded lamps, at the windows, growing gray with early summer dawn, then at a shadowy doorway opening into a still more shadowy corridor beyond.

Things about him were sharply apparent, but out of proportion and unstable; his inner vision of the long miles of track over which he was guiding trains seemed tangled and untrue. He pressed his hands downward over his face with a clinging, wringing movement, as if trying to tear away the web of haze that kept settling upon him. He looked at the train-sheet and order-book. Surely everything was safe and right! But he did not know! In that lay terror.

"Something Has Happened?"

He must take some of the stuff; everything—even the lives of men—hung upon it! He twisted his swivel-chair toward the shadowy door, his eyes big with fear and yearning. No, he would not yield! But even while he vowed that he would fight until the curse fell from him, he arose and went out the door into the dim corridor.

A water-faucet was there and a drinking-cup. He stood by these, steadying himself like a drunken man while he took from his pocket the tablets. He spilled one of the little discs upon the palm of his trembling hand and looked at it. In it commingled heaven and hell. He stood swaying in exhaustion.

He heard the resonant tapping of hammers testing car wheels out in the yards, the clanking crash of drawheads and the hiss of steam from exhaust-cocks. A confused gabble of telegraph sounders came thru the open door; he listened a moment to the staccato chorus of calls and flying messages; the operator at Cedar Forks was calling him hurriedly, insistently, interspersing the zipping dots and dashes with a numeral that spoke peril and haste.

He threw the tablet upon his tongue and ran back into the dispatching-room. Mullen was rising from his chair, his brow twisted into a knot, his gray eyes piercingly intent upon the instrument crying out on Swaim's side of the table. Swaim flung himself forward and his fingers leaped on the telegraph key; Mullen remained half-risen, intently watching. Then over the wire this came:

"Wild stock train, going east, and Number 16, west, have come together head-on a half-mile east of here! They met upon the west end of Little Cedar bridge! Most of the men jumped, all hurt; some bad! Doctor Dudson, who was riding in the engine of Number 16, crushed and killed! Send doctors and wrecking crew quick!"

Swaim listened with held breath to the awful verdict hissing as from the brass lips of the sounder, and fell back in his chair colorless as the dead.

"I've crossed 'em! I've crossed 'em!" he whispered. For the moment his wide eyes seemed to quiver in his head, globules of perspiration dotted his face, his fingers went clawing into his hair.

With two strides Mullen was at his side. Duncan, the yardmaster, was going out the door. Mullen yelled to him:

"That wild stock and 16 are in the Little Cedar. Lot of the boys hurt! Doc Dudson killed! Get Arnold and Marley! Send caller after doctors, get wrecking train ready!"

The yardmaster turned with a hoarse cry and was gone. The next moment Judith came thru the doorway. She was bareheaded and lightly clad, her eyes were wide and lit with questionings, and she labored hard for breath.

"Something has happened! I felt it! I ran nearly all the way! What was Mr. Duncan yelling as he ran down the platform?" she panted.

Mullen dragged Swaim's chair back out of the way. Swaim was still in the chair choking and shaking.

"We've got two trains in the Little Cedar," the older dispatcher grated, and drew another chair up to Swaim's instruments and began swiftly putting orders on the wire. He paused a moment and turned to young Braffet. "Get over on my wire there—you can handle it—I'll give you the orders." His face was paler than its wont, but his mind and hand seemed as steady as those of a trained surgeon.

Judith, staring toward them, came nearer. Her eyes seemed to enlarge, her features to elongate and blanch to a grayer cast. She stepped over to the huddled, gasping figure in the swivel-chair and drew his hands away from his

(Continued on Page 17.)

A Summary of the First Installment

DOCTOR PAUL DUDSON, junior partner of the late Doctor Felix Jayne, upon the latter's death became the leading medical practitioner at Green Gap, a small but thriving railroad town in a Western State. Being a large man of commanding appearance, a bachelor not very far in his thirties, and a very capable physician as well, is not at all strange that amplified prosperity seemed to be his, even without his asking. And yet there were certain things noticeable in his facial expressions and mannerisms that might cause a deep character reader to hesitate before placing his or her life entirely within his keeping.

JUDITH JAYNE, the beautiful daughter of Doctor Jayne, deceased, was one of these skeptical ones; therefore, when Doctor Dudson invited her to take a ride in his wonderful new car, and she knew that he was about to again ask for her heart and hand, she had her misgivings as to what her answer should be. Very likely it would have been a favorable one had not

CARL SWAIN, a young night man in the train dispatcher's office and a new-comer in Green Gap, ran his borrowed flivver into the roadside trees to avoid crashing into the Doctor's beautiful machine and thereby saved the Doctor and his fair companion from serious injury, if not death. As it was, young Swain was pulled from his own wreck with a badly injured back and bleeding from numerous cuts. He was taken to the local hospital by his rescuers and in due time was pronounced well enough to go back to his work in the railroad office.

Now, it developed that while Carl was recovering from his injuries that he and Judith fell in love with each other, which was a very natural result, according to the girl, who had been reading works on the reincarnation of souls, theosophy, and the like, and it did not take the Doctor very long to realize that his chances of winning the young lady were very, very poor. But, if he couldn't have her she should not have his rival. Anyway, such appears to have been his decision, and he began prescribing morphine tablets for the weakened young man, with the idea of wrecking his health, mind and character. The first part of the story ended with the drug addict, now a suffering, nervous wreck, pleading with the Doctor for more of his favorite "dope," and promising to leave the State—to go anywhere—if the Doctor would give him more of the drug.

Now, go ahead with the second and concluding part of the story; you'll find it intensely interesting.

Inspector Clay, "Probability" Jones, or Hosanna Beach? Who Will Solve

The White Lily Murder

By H. M. Egbert

Refresh Your Memory With This

Vintner, a thick-set burly-looking fellow, when brought before Clay, Jones and police officers from headquarters, was in a sneering and confident mood. Some of his answers were grossly insulting to both the Inspector and Jones. They had got the wrong man, Vintner insisted, and burglars' tools had been planted in his room by the police—if any had been found there. He knew nothing about the murder, save what he read in the papers, he said. He hadn't been within a mile of the Embrich store all Tuesday, the day of the crime. In the evening he had taken a walk with a lady friend, but he refused to give her name.

The Inspector, at great length, pictured how Vintner and Jenny Friend entered the store by the rear entrance and done the merchant to death, Vintner having sworn to kill him for having sent him to prison for stealing from the store. At the conclusion of the Inspector's detailed story, Vintner's only comment was, "Clay, what a d—d liar you are!"

Miss Martin's surprise when told about the will and Embrich's marriage was manifestly great. She had always supposed that Hosanna and Philip were to inherit "Uncle Cy's" fortune. She had never heard of any woman named Adelaide, not in connection with her employer's life—had never known of his marriage or any will. However, it was either Mr. Embrich's signature to the document or a very clever forgery.

Then appeared on the scene a young woman—age about 30—who said she was

MISS ORR. She had read about the murder. She was an actress, just in from a road tour. Yes, her name was Adelaide, and she was Mr. Embrich's widow. They had married in New Jersey two months ago, but the marriage was to have been kept secret until her tour was ended.

The Inspector, Jones and Miss Beach then got together to discuss "Probability's" curious charts, the blood-stained handkerchief, the two white lilies, Vintner and his girl friend, Philip Goodloe's guilt or innocence, and, lastly, the actress bride and the alleged will giving her the bulk of the Embrich estate.

The story began in No. 43 the Ledger for Oct. 22. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XIV (Continued).

SO, IN his embarrassment, and under conflicting impulses, Jones did the practical thing. He simply drew out a large, clean handkerchief, and, leaning over the half-conscious girl, wiped her tears away—first one eye, and then the other.

And then, aghast as he realized the devastating breach which he had made in the dyke of conventionality, Jones wilted.

Hosanna opened her eyes, sat up, and sighed. She patted her hair. If she realized what Jones had done, she betrayed neither embarrassment nor resentment.

"Mr. Jones, I don't know what you're going to think of me if I go on in this way," she said. "You've been so fine all thru, and so patient."

"Not in the least, I assure you, Miss Beach," Jones stammered.

"But you have. You haven't even asked me what line I'm following. But—well, I've my own reasons, and I believe that you'll understand them when I'm at liberty to tell you. Now I believe that those repeated burglaries at Miss Orr's apartment may have some bearing on this case. You remember what she told Clay at headquarters. Clay's not going to strike up a side-trail when he has his own theory cut and dried, of course. And, to do him justice, he thinks he's on the main road. He's honest, but he's unscrupulous, and pig-headed, and—wrong. Dead wrong! Did you realize that he was threatening us?"

"Well, I did think he went away a little bit miffed," answered Jones.

"It was a good deal more than that. He's no more use for us. We've served his purpose."

"You think, then, that he's had his own ideas from the beginning, and that, when he suggests Vintner and Jenny, he's simply trying to throw us off the trail, in order to get all the credit subsequently?"

"Not to get all the credit," answered Hosanna, cryptically. "He's playing a very deep game. But I'm sure he never believed that Jenny was present at the murder, or owned that handkerchief. He arrested her as a blind. He's using her and Vintner to cover his operations.

She spoke with deadly earnestness. "Mr. Jones," she said, "We've got to realize the truth of this, and to remember that we're up against one of the shrewdest brains that ever came out of the police department. And this fight is between Clay and ourselves, in order that the murderer of my uncle may be brought to justice."

"You say that, Miss Beach, and yet you haven't any idea who the real criminal is?"

"I have none yet. And that's the most terrible part of it, Mr. Jones, not knowing who the guilty person is, but knowing who it isn't. Knowing that Philip Goodloe is innocent, and that Clay is bent on using every possible means to send him to the chair.

"And I know this, too, that, while he has been pretending to cooperate with us, Clay has been weaving a web which is going to incriminate another innocent person, and that we're going to have all our work cut out to see that justice is done. Oh, don't you feel it, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said Jones, apologetically. "I've been so worried about my charts that I haven't had very much leisure to—to sense things. It was only when I caught the way Clay looked at me this morning that I suddenly remembered your own warning about him, and realized that it was true."

"Will you trust to my intuition in this one matter?" pleaded the girl. "Won't you put this work aside, just for the day? I want you to accompany me to Miss Orr's apartment—I should call her Mrs. Embrich, I suppose. We'll have a bit of lunch somewhere on the way, and then have a talk with her. Here's her address."

Jones felt that Hosanna was bent on leading him upon a wild-goose chase. The repeated burglaries at Miss Orr's apartment seemed to him to have no conceivable bearing upon the matter. However, the tone of Hosanna's voice admitted of no opposition.

Smothering a sigh, Jones put on his hat.

The Lid Was Broken, and Most of the Contents Had Been Thrown Away, but in the Bottom Were Two White, Wilted Lilies.

CHAPTER XV.

THEY had a hasty lunch at a cheap restaurant and then proceeded in a car uptown, getting off at Madison Square and walking a short distance to the apartment-house which Miss Orr had given as her address.

It was a cheap, but not squalid building. There were pushbuttons over letter-boxes all down the sides of the entrance, and the position of the box over which Miss Orr's card was deposited showed that her apartment was on the top story. Climbing the stairs, they stopped panting outside their goal.

It was some time after they had rung when Miss Orr came to the door. She was in negligee, her hair was tumbling about her shoulders, and her eyes were red.

"I suppose you're from headquarters, too," she said wearily to Jones. "Come inside."

The apartment, which appeared to consist of two rooms and a bath, was very small. It was plainly furnished with the stock furniture supplied in apartments let ready for use, but a number of articles in the shape of cushions, small rugs, pictures and photographs showed the personality of the occupant. Over the mantel in the small living-room was a large photograph of Mr. Embrich.

"We're sorry to seem to intrude——" Jones began.

She cut him short. "It's no intrusion," she interrupted. "I thought I'd satisfied you people with that certificate, but if there's any more questions, ask them and welcome. It's my dearest wish to do all that I can to bring the murderer of my husband to justice."

"I might say, tho," said Jones, "that we are not exactly from headquarters, tho we've been collaborating with them. I'm a private investigator—my name is Jones—and I've been called into this case by the expressed wish of Mr. Embrich before he died, in case anything happened."

"He—he expected—what happened, then?" gasped the girl.

"I'm afraid it looks like it. We thought the man he feared was a discharged employe who has been arrested, but his guilt now looks quite problematical. I helped Mr. Embrich in a case once before. This lady——"

"Is 'Sannie' Beach!" exclaimed Miss Orr. "My dear, I know you from my husband's description. And didn't I see you at the funeral? Dear Cyrus and I have talked about you for hours. He was so anxious about you, and so hopeful that you'd come back to live with him—and like me."

She broke down. Hosanna's arms went about her, and the two women embraced in one of those outbursts of feminine friendship that are struck out upon the instant.

Jones stood by in awkward patience until Miss Orr had led Hosanna to the couch and seated herself beside her.

"You see, my dear," she said, "I did so want you to come to like me, and so did dear Cyrus. And it was to have been announced in a few days' time. I was under contract with Stopfstein—touring in New England—and couldn't break it, and didn't want to. So that was why we kept the news of the engagement secret.

"Some people thought I'd made a good catch, and was marrying your uncle, as I know you called him, just because he was a rich man, but that wasn't true at all. We cared for each other from the very beginning, and we were very happy, altho he was so much older than I."

She began to cry softly upon Hosanna's shoulder.

"You can imagine what all this has meant to me, and what a terrific shock it has been," she said, "and how anxious I am to have justice done. I've been sitting here all day, positively unable to believe that it has been anything more than a horrible nightmare.

"Then headquarters has been worrying me. I've had three telephone calls, and a man named Myers has been to see me twice and asked all manner of impertinent questions. And when he suggested that I had forged my marriage certificate——"

"How contemptible!" exclaimed Hosanna.

"You do believe I'm—I'm a real person and not an impostor, Sannie? Oh, I'm so glad."

Another spell of feminine embracing followed.

"Well, when he suggested that, it simply froze me," Miss Orr continued, "so that for the life of me I couldn't tell him anything. Not that there was much to tell. But I'll be most glad to help you in any possible way, Mr. Jones," she continued.

Nevertheless, it was Hosanna who asked: "Have you any idea who it can have been? Had Mr. Embrich any enemies that you know of?"

"Yes—one," answered Miss Orr. "A bitter enemy. But I have no reason to suppose that he was the murderer of my poor husband, and I can't, in decency, give you his name unless I have that reason. I'm not going to rest idle. I'll find out—indeed I shall. I'll never rest till I do. But I'll be fair. And this man was fond of me before I met Cyrus—in fact, we met thru him."

Jones intervened. "Miss Orr, I really think that you ought to give us his name in confidence, so that we can at least investigate the matter. Please remember that we do not represent the police—I am simply a private inquiry agent, called in at the wish of Mr. Embrich himself. You can be positively assured that the name will go no further unless your husband's death should prove to be closely linked up with this man's actions."

"And then," said Hosanna, "it may afford us a clew."

"You have no clew, then?"

"There was the ex-employe of whom Mr. Jones was speaking," answered Hosanna. "He has been arrested, as you must know——"

"My dear, nothing on earth would induce me to look at a newspaper," answered Miss Orr emphatically.

"Well, he has been arrested, together with the girl he was going with—Jenny Friend——"

"Jenny Friend! Why, how absurd! My husband often spoke of her to me, tho I have never seen her. Did you know that he helped her mother for nearly a year, when the family was in straits? That was just like Cyrus. Jenny! As well say it was me!"

"Then," said Hosanna, "possibly you

don't know that the police have arrested Philip Goodloe."

"Phil Goodloe!" cried Miss Orr. "No, indeed, I didn't know, but I see this is getting more and more absurd. Phil Goodloe, from what my husband has said about him, isn't man enough to murder a chicken. Cyrus used to ridicule him—oh, Sannie, lear, I forgot. I have put my foot into it now, haven't I? I'm so sorry," she said, in penitential confusion.

"Never mind, dear. We can't help our opinions," answered Hosanna. "But I'm sorry Uncle Cy made fun of Philip. And I know how fond he was of him, too. But Uncle Cy did think he was a little of a—a milksop, and forgot how delicate he was. He'd always been brought up to take care of himself. So you knew——?"

"That you and Phil Goodloe were engaged? Yes, my husband told me there was a sort of engagement. You know, after he married me, he didn't care very much—he'd have been so glad to have you home again. And I rather gathered that it was more the idea of perpetuating the old partnership than any desire to bring you two together that made him so anxious about the marriage.

"It must be a terrible strain to you, my dear, to have Phil arrested," she continued. "But I know he's innocent, and you know it, and truth will come out."

"That's what we're going to see," said Hosanna earnestly. "And I know you'll help us with all the means in your power."

"Indeed I will," answered Miss Orr. "Well, then, Mr. Jones, I'll give you this man's name. It's Sanford Rogers."

Hosanna shook her head. "That's a new one on me, dear," she said. "I never heard of him, and I thought I knew most of poor Uncle Cy's friends."

"Except me?" asked Miss Orr.

"Except you, of course," answered Hosanna.

Miss Orr took the girl's hands in hers. "Now listen, and be prepared for a mild shock," she said. "I'm going to let you into a secret. First, let me ask you this: Did your uncle, as you call him, belong to any societies?"

"Yes, he was a strong Freemason," said Hosanna. "And then he was—let me see!——he was an Elk, and an Ancient Buffalo, and a member of the Wholesalers' Fraternal Order, and of the Antiquarian Society of New York, and one or two other things. I used to try to persuade him not to let them make so many demands upon his time, but he was so enthusiastic——"

"My dear," said Adelaide Orr, smiling a little, "your uncle was never admitted to the Freemasons' Order at all, nor to the Elks, nor to the Buffaloes—nor to any of the others. Dear Cyrus—I'm sure I'm not doing him any injustice, nor betraying any confidences—was rather fond of gay times when he was young, and his liking for them didn't decrease any as he grew older. When you thought he was at the Elks and the Buffaloes and the Antiquarian Society, he was probably entertaining a bunch of men and girls at some gay little supper party."

"Oh!" gasped Hosanna.

"But, mind me, dear, he was the nicest old gentleman that ever lived. He wasn't a rounder or a roue, or anything bad. He just liked a little fun, and to spend his money helping some of the girls who were having a hard time. I know it was all done absolutely innocently. Lots of people didn't believe that, and lots more couldn't, but I knew him, and I assure you it was so."

She spoke with strong emphasis, and continued:

"He often told me that he didn't want you ever to dream that he went into rather a mixed set. He respected you almost to the verge of fear, Sannie, dear. He thought you were straitlaced, because of your Puritan ancestry, and he was almost morbidly anxious to do his duty to your father. And he was dreadfully afraid of that secretary of his, Miss Martin. He said she was always trying to poke her nose into his affairs."

"Dear Uncle Cy!" murmured Hosanna. "How foolish of him! As if I should have cared!"

"Well, Mr. Rogers had taken me out to dine on the night that I met Cyrus," Miss Orr continued. "I had never much cared for Mr. Rogers, but he seemed persistent and I was unable to get rid of him. Then, too, he spent a good deal of money, and after all, that does count, doesn't it? But after I met your uncle it was rather a rapid case.

"It began on my part with admiration for him, when I found out some of the things that he had done for people. It ended with real love. He was such a dear—so worldly, and yet so—so unspotted by the world.

"You see, like most women, I've got two sides to me, and one of them—well, dear Cyrus had the key to it, that's all. At least, that's all I'm able to explain. I'd hoped to settle down with him, and take care of him in his old age, and have a home in my old age, and make one for him. It wasn't a case of an infatuated old man, my dear, and a scheming woman—get that out of your mind."

"I never thought so," said Hosanna.

"Well, Mr. Rogers knew, of course, that I was fond of Mr. Embrich, tho he never knew that we were married. And that was what was so horrid, my not being able to tell him, and send him away. He was here only Tuesday evening, the janitor told me, and left a box of flowers for me. I wouldn't even open the box this morning, and I told the janitor to take it away. I'm glad I was out when he called.

"But, mind you, dear, as I said, I haven't the least reason to suppose that Mr. Rogers was responsible for my husband's death, and I'm not going to be unfair, tho goodness knows he hated him."

"Do you think this Sanford Rogers hated my uncle enough to have been capable of murdering him?" asked Hosanna.

Adelaide Orr's eyes filled. "I—I don't know," she answered. "He was jealous of him, and he knew we cared for each other. I don't think it was that he loved me so much, but he couldn't bear to be thwarted by having another man cut in. He used to abuse your uncle sometimes to me. But I won't say he hated him enough to murder him."

"What sort of a man is this Sanford Rogers?" Jones inquired.

"He's a horrid, bald, middle-aged man, with a nasty mustache—the sort that gets in the soup; you know. He always gave me the impression of having a cross, nagging wife and a large family, in Newark, or Jamaica, or some other suburban place. At any rate he never spoke of marriage to me, but he was always hinting at eloping, and that sort of thing, in the half-joking way that a decent woman detests so much.

"He isn't a nice man at all, in the way Mr. Embrich was, and he hit up the pace with a lot of chorus girls before he knew me, and probably since. Mr. Embrich knew him in some sort of business way, I believe. I told him once that Mr. Rogers had abused him, but he wouldn't say a word against him; he just laughed.

"Where can one find him if necessary?" asked Jones.

Miss Orr shook her head. "That," she answered, "is supposed to be the one thing that no woman could extract from him. He always poses as a man of mystery—the horrid, vulgar creature! Ugh!"

She gave an expressive shudder of disgust.

"Listen, dear," said Hosanna, "you'll see him again, won't you? You must, for dear Uncle Cy's sake. And you must do everything in your power to find out who he is and where he lives, even if you have to—to lead him on a little."

"Trust me!" answered Miss Orr, shutting her lips tightly. "If Sanford Rogers had a hand in my husband's murder, I'm going to lay him by the heels. And, till I'm sure one way or the other, I'm going to stick to him tighter than a horse-leech."

And she looked as if she meant it.

CHAPTER XVI

"BUT now," said Hosanna, "I'll tell you one of the principal things Mr. Jones and I came to see you about tonight. What was that you were telling Inspector Clay about some mysterious burglaries in your apartment?"

"Oh, that's terrible!" exclaimed Miss Orr. "I don't know in the least what to make of them. They're the oddest and most awful thing I've ever known until this murder.

"I never spoke about them to my husband, simply because I knew how easily he was worried, and how they would worry him. But they're not chance. Somebody has got a grudge against me, and is either playing a practical joke on me or attempting to drive me out of my mind with fright.

"This is the third time that it's happened to me, and even without this other awful affair it would just have wrecked what nerves I've got left. It happened Tuesday night, before I got home—at least, that's how I reckon it from what I've been able to put together. I found my apartment looking like a bargain counter after a sale.

"Everything was out of place. No ordinary burglar would have taken the time to make such confusion. It's much more like the work of some practical joker—only I don't know anybody who has any grudge against me, or who would have done such a thing in fun. I left my last apartment because of it. It happened twice there at intervals of a few weeks. Fortunately, I was away each time it occurred.

"It's always the same thing. Somebody gets into my apartment and goes thru everything with a fine-tooth comb—clothes, books, letters, everything I own."

"And takes nothing?" asked Hosanna.

"Nothing at all that I have ever discovered. That's what makes it so queer and frightens me so. Yet my clothes and papers are left strewn all over the place, and every pocket and reticule is turned inside out."

"There's nothing that somebody wants to discover about you?" asked Jones.

"Nothing that I can think of. My past's perfectly open," answered Miss Orr.

"And you don't suspect this Sanford Rogers?"

"I'm positive it can't be he," answered Miss Orr, "because the second time it happened he was on a business trip to the same town as that in which I happened to be playing. He telephoned me, asking if he could come and see me. That was almost at the very hour of the burglary. Besides, what object could Mr. Rogers possibly have?"

"The reason why I suggested Sanford Rogers," said Jones, "was that I thought he might possibly have been trying to find out whether you and Mr. Embrich were married."

"No," answered Miss Orr, "I'm sure he never suspected that we were actually married. And then, you see, we were not married the first two times this burglary happened; those were some months ago, when my poor husband and I were hardly anything more than acquaintances. My moving to this apartment seems to have thrown my persecutor off the scent for a time."

Hosanna turned to Jones. "I wonder," she suggested, "whether this mightn't possibly have something to do with the strange and unusual features of your diagrams."

"Eh?" queried Jones, not quite taking in the suggestion. "You mean——?"

"I mean," said Hosanna with conviction, "that the person who breaks into Mrs. Embrich's apartment may know quite a good deal about the murder of Uncle Cy."

She got up and kissed Adelaide Orr warmly. "My dear, we're going to run that fox to earth," she said. "Trust Mr. Jones! I haven't worked with him for nothing. And you'll follow up that matter of Mr. Rogers, and let us know just as soon as anything happens. You'll find us in the telephone book—Mr. Jones, at any rate. His name's Aloysius Arthur."

"You'll never find me without Miss Beach, as long as I can keep her," said Jones, blushing at the revelation of his

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name. "She's the brains of the combination."

Adelaide Orr looked from one to the other with a quizzical smile. Hosanna, catching her glance, blushed almost as red as Jones.

"I'm going to look you up, dear, if I may——" she began.

"And you're going back to live at your old home, Sannie, aren't you?" said the other. "I don't know whose it's going to be, but you've taken me into the family now——"

"Of course, we all have," said Hosanna. "But I think Philip and I get the house, and you get the store."

"Philip," repeated Adelaide Orr musingly. "Sannie, how could they have made such a fearful mistake about him, do you suppose? You're sure he's innocent, aren't you?"

Her eyes searched Hosanna's like twin probes. Hosanna looked back as evenly. "Absolutely," she answered. "And I know, too, that Inspector Clay's straining every effort to find him guilty."

"Why?" asked Adelaide.

"I know it," said Hosanna. "That's why I'm fighting him with all my heart and soul and strength. And to avenge the bitter wrong you've suffered, dear—because I look on you as one of my kin."

The women kissed again, cried a little, and parted. Jones followed Hosanna out of the apartment wondering. It struck him of a sudden that the girl seemed to know a good deal more about the case than he did.

He was still thinking over the possibilities contained in Hosanna's suggestion that the burglar might be the murderer as they made their way down stairs. It had been a startling one, but he had learned to have a vast respect for his partner's intuition, which often went straight to the mark.

If the person who broke into Adelaide Orr's apartment was the one who had murdered Cyrus Embrich, the "strange and unusual" features of the affair, which the diagrams had prognosticated, would be fulfilled.

HE WAS so absorbed in this speculation that he failed to see that his companion had stopped in the entrance, and he nearly knocked her over. Hosanna was standing with one finger-tip pressed against the janitor's bell.

"Mr. Jones, I want you to interrogate whoever is in charge of this place," she said, as she rang. "Find out all the particulars that you can about the burglary, and about Sanford Rogers. It's the burglary, remember; don't ask anything about the murder, or about Uncle Cy. I expect they don't know yet that Adelaide was married to him."

Jones had time to grasp the implications of Hosanna's suggestion and to nod back before the janitor, a frowsy-looking man in a collarless shirt, with a stiff, dented, and very dirty starched front, came up the area steps.

"Say you want to speak to him in the basement," whispered Hosanna.

"You're the janitor?" asked Jones.

"There ain't no apartments here," answered the man.

"I'm not looking for any."

"Well?" demanded the man, glancing suspiciously from one to the other.

"I'll just come downstairs with you and talk to you."

"Y' can say it here."

"Maybe. But I guess I won't. So get a move on!" answered Jones.

The man seemed to be a Swede, slow-witted, but tenacious. He hesitated, looked Jones' big form up and down, and then, mumbling sullenly, led the way below. He turned and faced them at the entrance to a dark, dirty, squalid room.

"Well, whadjerwant?" he snarled.

"I'm working with headquarters," said Jones, "and I want to have a little talk with you about that burglary in Miss Orr's apartment. So friend, you'd best loosen up and tell all you know about it."

"I don't know nothing about it," answered the man sullenly. "I ain't to blame if any one gets up them stairs. The front door's supposed to lock, and it don't, and I've spoke to the landlord twice about it already."

"This burglary took place on Tuesday night, I understand," said Jones. "Did you see the man?"

"Nah! Wouldn't I have held him if I had? I tell you I don't know nothing about it."

"How long has Miss Orr been out of town?"

"She come back night before last, late——"

"I know that. How long was she away?"

"Two or three weeks, maybe. Say, if you think——"

"If I thought what you think I'm thinking," said Jones with emphasis, "I wouldn't be talking to you here, but in the station-house. Get that straight, friend!"

The man's demeanor changed at once to servility. "I'm sure ready to answer anything you want to know," he muttered. "Only, I ain't to blame, as I said before. The door don't lock—you jest go up and try it for yourself. I guess Miss Orr was on the road two or three weeks. She came home late the night before last. At least, I cleaned up her apartment after supper, and she hadn't come back then."

"So you clean Miss Orr's apartment? How often?"

"Once a week when she's away. She leaves the key with me. That shows she don't think I go thru her things. And I take her mail up to her room every day or so, especially when there's anything too big to go into the letter-box."

"When did you discover that some one had been in Miss Orr's apartment?"

"Wednesday evening, when I went in to clean up. The place looked as if a mad bull'd been thru it. But I didn't know it was a burglar. I thought it might have been one of her actress friends. Leastways, one was as like as the other."

"And when were you in the apartment before that?"

"The afternoon before. A gent came with a box of flowers, and when she didn't answer he rang my bell. I took the box up, and the place was as clean as a whistle then."

"Therefore, the burglary occurred Tuesday night," said Jones. "What time did Mr. Sanford Rogers bring that box of flowers?"

The mention of Rogers' name appeared to impress the janitor, whose tone had a perceptibly cringing note as he answered:

"Between 5 and 6 o'clock, I should say, sir. It was a big, long box. I took it straight upstairs."

"Mr. Rogers asked for Miss Orr?"

"He did, sir, and I told him she was out of town, and I didn't know how long it'd be before she came back. He looked sorry to hear it."

"He's been coming here to see Miss Orr a good deal, hasn't he?"

"Not as often as he used to, before Miss Orr's new friend started visiting her—the old gent with the gray beard. I don't know who he is. Of course, I don't see the people who call more'n one time out of fifty, but I know he used to come three or four times a week regular—Mr. Rogers, I mean—before the new guy started visiting her."

There was no indication of guile in the janitor's remarks. It was quite probable that the man did not know Adelaide Orr's visitor had been Cyrus Embrich, or that he had been her husband.

"When did you speak to Miss Orr about the flowers and the burglary?" asked Jones.

"I put the box on her table. There wasn't no need to tell her who'd brought them. There was Mr. Sanford Rogers' name on his card, tucked under the string of the box. She couldn't help seeing it.

"Nor there wasn't no need to tell Miss Orr that some one had been in her rooms. She could see that as soon as she went in. I picked up her clothes and put her letters and books into some sort of shape, but, of course, I couldn't put them like they was before. I couldn't see that anything had been took; and her silver clock was still on the mantel. I guessed it was either some sky-larking actress she'd given a key, or else some tramp who got it, got scared, and beat it."

"When did you see Miss Orr?"

"Why, she came down here yesterday morning at about 9. She was sort of hysterical about who'd been in her room, and kept questioning me if I hadn't seen nobody. Then she said she was going for the police. She seemed half-dippy, and thought I might have had a hand in it, and that's what sort of scared me when you spoke to me. And she threw the box on my table, and said she didn't care what was in it, and I could have it for myself, and I wasn't never to let Mr. Rogers in no more, if ever he rung my bell again.

"That's all I got to say, and I'm ready to swear to it, and if you think I had any hand in that job—well, you've got another guess coming."

"What did you do with the box?" asked Jones.

He was not aware that Hosanna was no longer by his side until her voice answered his question out of the darkness of the basement passage. She was coming toward him, and in her hand she held an oblong box of cardboard. She carried it into the meanly-furnished room and stood beside the window. Jones and the janitor followed her.

"Here it is," said Hosanna. "I found it in the garbage can."

"See here!" shouted the janitor in sudden anger. "Miss Orr give me that box, and I opened it and saw them flowers was faded and so I threw it away. Where else'd I throw it? My wife's gone to stay with her sister, and she's responsible, anyway, not me. You ain't got nothing on me, and if you want to take me in, I'm ready now!"

But neither Jones nor Hosanna was more than partly conscious of the man's outburst. They were staring at the box. It had no label, the lid was broken, and most of the contents had been thrown away; but in the bottom were two white, wilted lilies!

CHAPTER XVII.

JONES and Hosanna turned and looked at each other. Jones' momentary feeling was one of consternation and bewilderment. Whenever he was up against a solid clew, like this one, his mind groped helplessly, and he had an almost irresistible impulse to fly to some mathematical shelter.

He accompanied Hosanna upstairs again, the snarling janitor at their heels; the man's suspicions were thoroly awakened, and he voiced them in incoherent mutterings, taking care, however, to remain at a respectful distance from the redoubtable Jones. Ignoring him, the two left the apartment-house and walked quickly westward to Madison Square.

They entered the park, and Hosanna seated herself upon a bench, making room for Jones beside her. She held out a soiled piece of pasteboard. "Exhibit One," she said.

On it Jones read "Mr. Sanford Rogers." There was no address, but in one corner of the card was penciled:

"With fondest remembrances and regrets."

"Mr. Jones," said Hosanna, "I've seen that writing before. I know I have—and I can't remember where. But I feel as if I'm just on the point of remembering. I seem to know it well."

"Was it written by some acquaintance of your uncle, do you suppose?" Jones prompted.

She shook her head in doubt. "I don't know. It seems as if I know it almost as well as I know my uncle's hand. And it seems as if I could find the clew in my uncle's house—as if the memory would come back to me there."

She thought for some time, and then shook her head despondently. "I can't place it," she said. "But here's Exhibit Two—the florist's label. It was pasted lightly on the box and seems to have come off naturally. No mystery about that."

She handed him a soiled slip, with the name and address of a Broadway florist on it.

Jones whistled. He looked at her exultantly. "We've got him now," he said.

"How?" asked Hosanna.

"Why, you know the class Larrabee caters to. He's right in the heart of the

(Continued on Page 18.)

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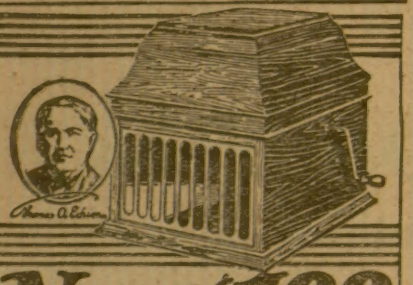

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THE FIGHT WITH FOGARTY

By Stacey E. Baker.

"I'LL not stand for it," growled Fogarty, glaring across to the corner of the Tarantula Kid. "Who th'll ever heard of a tent in a prize-ring battle?"

"It's a new trainin' stunt, Bo," grunted "Yank" Kelley, as he briskly rubbed a coarse towel over the sweat-damp chest of the light heavyweight champion. "What do youse care? Dis guy is eats fer youse. Huh! He couldn't stick forty-five rounds by hisself, wid five minutes' rest in bechune each round. He's a dancin' master, he is."

"'E's a bally dub," piped the Liverpool Peacock in confirmation, "strike me bloody well pink if 'e ain't. Why h——" Here the gong sounded, and the alert second grabbed the chair and "dope" and made a hurried exit thru the ropes as the veteran sprung lightly to the center.

Over across the handlers of the Tarantula Kid folded an umbrella like tepee, and nimbly removed it as the lithe youth in fleshlings glided swiftly to the center with the peculiar motion that had given him his name.

The Kid was a clean-cut, fox-faced youth ten pounds lighter than the slope-browed one before him, and as pink-skinned and as supple-muscled as a girl.

Smash!

The sullen-eyed Fogarty aimed a vicious swing at the teetering lad, and found him.

The referee pried them apart.

"Youse must t'ink I'm yer long-lost dad, de way youse comes tuh me arms," railed the big one, a sneering grin on his thin lips. The two cautiously circled each other, piston arms outstretched, glove-pointed, waiting, waiting—

"I haven't seen any pictures of you in the family album," flung back the boy. "Of course——"

Thug! This time the champion landed full on the jaw of the Kid, and the latter promptly went to the mat, seemingly with the force of a fall of a mile-high aeronaut.

"One!" The dome-headed referee stood over the prostrate fighter. "Two—three—four——"

Never a move from the fallen aspirant. Ringsiders reached for their coats, and lit the dead stubs of their cigars preparatory to leaving the huge auditorium.

"Five!" The Kid stirred restlessly, and a quivering sigh broke from his blood-flecked lips. Over him stood the champion, ready to finish this fledgling, if he came back to a semblance of his senses.

"Six—seven——"

The tired eyes of the fox-faced one opened and gazed dazedly up at the finger-telling master of destiny.

"Eight!" Suddenly the benumbed brain of the recumbent battler shook off its lethargy, and the boy dragged himself to his knees, a slow-coming flush dispelling the pallor of his cheeks. The champion waited, a look not good to see in his hungry eyes.

"Take yer time, Kid. Watch out for de punch!" The seconds in the Tarantula's corner, hope revived, were coaching the hurt boy.

Out in the hushed quiet of the auditorium, a querulous voice was constantly reiterating: "One hundred to ten Fogarty puts him away this round!"

"Nine!" With a bound that proved a most wonderful recuperative faculty, or a keenness for mumming, the Tarantula was up and hanging to the heavier man in a desperate clinch.

"Break!" The white-shirted referee, with the strength born of fifteen years' constant training to hold the championship of the class farther advanced, pulled the bruisers apart and walked quickly between them. The Tarantula ducked a vicious swing and again clung to the other in a mad embrace. The third time the older man landed, and the groggy youth slumped for another sleepfest.

"One!" spoke the Referee. "Bing!" spoke the gong.

The gong called the close of the round, and the Tarantula Kid, blissfully unconscious, was hauled hurriedly across the ring and shoved into the tepee-like affair, where his seconds proceeded to stimulate him to fresh activities.

"I don't like dat," grumbled the champion, as he glowered across the ring. "But wot's de diff?" he continued exultingly. "De fight is over. He ain't slipped in a hard one yet, and all de dope dey can shoot into him across dere ain't goin' ter bring him the ball o' dough. Hear me!"

"'E's mikin' a great scrap," chuckled the Peacock. "'E's a blooming lover fer 'ugs; strike me, if 'e hisn't."

"Bing!" Once again the bell drew the principals from their corners, and it was plain to be seen, as the Tarantula wabbled toward the center, that the battle was done. Paddy Fogarty's long vision was already focused on the morning editions:

FOGARTY FOOLS FLEDGLING.

Boy Battler Baited by Big Bruiser—Three Terrible Rounds and Tarantula Is Thru.

Fogarty had an imagination. Had this not been so, he would have been more keenly alive to delivering the coup de grace, instead of striving to extend the brawl until the end of the round.

The broken-spirited Kid tottered nearer and nearer, plainly carrying on his share of the fight by sheer nerve. The champion awaited him with a careless guard. No human could stand the stanch blows the great fighting machine had been showering on the unfortunate aspirant.

Nearer and nearer, wabbled the Tarantula, breathing heavily, eyes half-closed. Then, "Thug!" No one knew just how it happened. Keen-eyed sports with the dope of a half-hundred battles at their tongue's ends, refused afterward to comment on it.

They only knew, these wise ones, that Fogarty, caught napping, went to the canvas under a perfect avalanche of blows. And Fogarty stayed down! The rythmic rise and fall of the referee's finger heralded a new champion.

* * * * * * * *

"It was too easy," taunted the Tarantula Kid in the sacred precincts of his dressing-room. "Too easy, that's what it was. To think that that mutt would let us get away with that wigwam trick.

"Too easy, eh," growled the bearded second who had been the only unknown in the Kid's corner. "Better get that idea out of your head, see? I'll never be right again. He beat me to a pulp. That may have been nothing more to you than a lightning change stunt, but—hear me!—if we pull off this game again, you go in for the beating up, and it's me to hand over the sleeper."

The speaker angrily pulled the whiskers from his countenance, and stood revealed for what he was—the twin of the Tarantula Kid!

Bees Mourn for their Leader

BEES have a language and a system of telegraphy, according to Professor Francis Jager, chief of the division of bee culture at the University of Pennsylvania farm. Wonderful progress has been made in bee culture, but their means of communication still remains a mystery, says Professor Jager.

Professor Jager has conducted many experiments in an effort to learn something of the bee's mysterious form of communication. In one of them he took the queen bee out of a hive, which was four or five feet high. As soon as the working bees discovered their leader was missing they began "crying."

The noise was audible four or five feet from the hive. Within thirty-six seconds after the queen bee had been replaced at the bottom of the hive the sound subsided at the top of the hive and they showed their joy by standing on their heads.

Howells and Mark Twain.

W. D. HOWELLS and Mark Twain were lunching together in a restaurant. Presently two overdressed young men came in. They beckoned to the waiter. Said the first: "Some lobster and a bottle of of my usual wine, and just mention my name to the chef so that the lobster will be to my liking."

The second said: "A fried sole, waiter, and tell the manager I am here, will you, please?"

The waiter then approached the table of the two authors.

Mark Twain looked up at him with a smile. "A dozen oysters, please," he said, "and—er—mention my name to each one of them."

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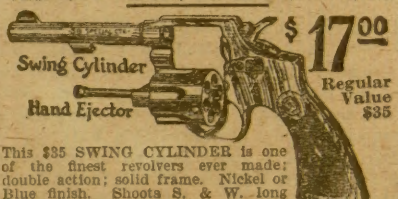

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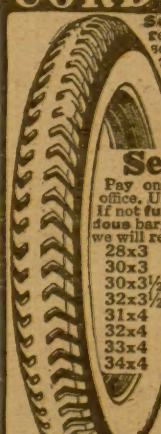

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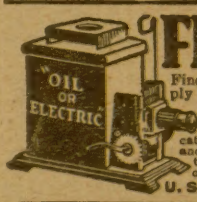

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"Pass the Pepper"

By Hapsburg Liebe

"Take That, You Big Cheese!"

CHATTERTON was hunting in the Smokies; he had lost himself within a few miles of his woods camp, and had stumbled upon the operations of the Sinking River Logging Company. Before him stood a big and rough boarding-house, a somewhat smaller and rougher building that held the commissary and the superintendent's office, and a low-roofed machinery-repair shop, all of which were in the center of a clearing of an acre or so on a bank of Sinking River—a dashing, crystal stream that nowhere was more than a dozen yards across.

As he emerged from the laurels, he came upon a weather-beaten board a foot in width, which rose some two feet out of the ground; its top was rounded like that of a grave-marker. Chatterton's eyes then beheld another and narrower board near by, and it, also, rose perpendicularly out of the ground and was nicely rounded at the top. There was some dim lettering on the broader board. He bent and made out this:

HERE LIES WILLIAM SMYTHE

Be D——d to Him

"A touching epitaph!" smilingly said Chatterton to himself, and he went toward the commissary.

The Sinking River camp's superintendent was a most genial fellow, and by no means poorly educated. The hour was that of noon, and he pressed Chatterton to stay for dinner. Soon the woods began to give up hungry loggers, sunburned and strapping men in high-laced boots and broad-rimmed hats, blue flannel shirts and corduroy trousers, and the guest went with them to a long table in the boarding-house dining-room. They sat down and fell to, and presently Chatterton said to his host:

"Will you kindly pass the pepper?"

Every mother's son of the crew broke inta ringing roar of laughter. Chatterton, embarrassed, reddened a trifle. The superintendent amiably proceeded with an explanation.

"The very same words!" said he. "That's why we laughed, sir. I'll have to tell you about it. See that pair of bullet-holes in the wall straight across the table from you? Remember them; they have a connection. And the grave you saw when you came; that, too, is connected——"

* * * * * * *

I've been super here for a long time, Mr. Chatterton, and I've seen and known some men of odd types. Failures in other lines; desperate fellows who were in hiding from justice; men who were trying honestly to climb above a regrettable past; black sheep from splendid families; the bravest of brave men; the rankest of cowards—all these I have had here, and more. The most truly courageous of them, I now think, was William Smythe—he pronounced the y as i in smite, remember—with Jackson Boland crowding him closely. And of the all, the worst was a lout whom we knew as "Sourwood Bud" Hadley. Hadley is dead. But Smythe isn't; that is, not in the common way. As for that grave—I don't feel like coming flat with the statement that there's nobody in it!

Smythe was not more than 21 when we saw him first. He was a little, slim, pale sort, but he always looked you straight in the eye, and he was never at a loss for something to say; if anybody ever got the best of him in a verbal combat, I certainly was not a witness to it. He clambered off a returning logging-train here on a Saturday afternoon in midsummer, and he carried a bulging suitcase in either hand; he was dressed like a rural sport at a Sunday school convention with expenses paid in advance. All summertime Saturday afternoons being half-holidays at this camp, the crew was holding a wrestling-bout in the clearing out there. Smythe's feet had hardly touched the ground when he found himself the target of a great volley of banter—to which he wisely paid absolutely no attention whatever.

At the steps that lead to the boarding-house porch, he stopped and spoke to the camp's cook, who had come out to see what the uproar meant.

"Where," he says, "will I find the main big guy-rope o' this seedy-lookin' bunch o' haymakers?"

"Right there," smirks the cooky, and he pointed to my little office in a corner of the commissary building.

I had just walked to the doorway. Smythe came over, dropped his baggage very carefully, put his lily-white hands on his hips, and began to take eye-measurements of me quite deliberately. I grinned amusedly at him, tho I confess I liked his straightforward gaze.

"You the high light here?" he finally wants to know.

"I have that honor," I said to him. "You're after a job, I see. Well, you haven't the earmarks of any very hot logger," I said, "but I need men badly, and I'll take you on at the customary. But you probably won't stay long, for she'll soon be sending you word to come back because all is forgiven; eh?"

The kid flared up like a fire you'd just thrown oil upon. Really, sir, he wasn't much more than a kid.

"She—who? She—your grandmother! Why, dog-gone you! No skirts for me, governor," he says, "for I know how they paint! Well," says he, quieting for a moment, "I was a drug-store clerk, to tell you the bitter truth. How dramatic, eh? There simply wasn't a bit of action in it. It was all bunk. Talcum powder, hair dressin', brow-sticks, cold cream, nail polish, ten cents' worth o' castor oil, essence o' caboozlum, tincture o' bezazzaz—aw," he explodes, "I can't bear to go over it. I couldn't stand it any longer. I got to be out o' doors, and have action and a change. From what I see, I judge a fellow can pick up a scrap here 'most any time; eh, governor?"

"You can," I tell him. "It's a big part of the life. But steer clear of Jackson Boland, Sourwood Bud Hadley and Abner Renfro. Renfro and Hadley would be very likely to knife you in the back later, if they didn't do it while you were fighting them. As for Boland, he'd simply eat you alive and squirming, and be done with you. I'll stake you to a woods outfit of clothing, if you want it. If you're hungry, tell the cook about it. So long for the present, Mr. Smythe."

"But wait," says he. "Who's the best fighter you got here, governor? You see," he says, "I been takin' boxin' lessons, and I might possibly need some exercise."

"That's easy to answer," I said. "Jack Boland, taking your duds off completely and climbing a buckthorn tree with a live wild cat under each arm," said I, "is purely kindergarten stuff when compared to fighting Jack Boland. This is my busy day, Mr. Smythe. So long!"

The cooky piloted the kid to a vacant place in the upstairs sleeping-quarters of the crew, and left him there.

Here I must tell you something of Boland. He was tall, lean, straight, a splendid figure of a man. A panther was no quicker than he, and seasoned hickory was neither stronger nor tougher. He went to the Army at 18, and came back to these hills at 24 to find that he was almost without relatives; an old feud had broken out between the Bolands and Hadleys, and the Hadleys had outnumbered the Bolands some five to one. For fear that

Dale Snatched His Gun From Its Holster and Fired Blindly.

(Continued on Page 20.)

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New Twists in a Story Staged in Lower California. What Is the Errand of

EL CAMINO'S MYSTERY GIRL

by Robert Ordway Foote

CHAPTER XII.

THE narrative of Phineas Cranford, which his granddaughter read aloud in the light of the sputtering fire, was written on back pages of a leather-bound diary such as the middle of the last century affected. It was addressed to "Dear Brother," and was as follows:

With the prospect of death before me, I write this to you that you may know of the last days of your adventurous younger brother. I have a feeling that God will some day allow it to reach you, or at least to convey to the family of Cranford some record of the life of Phineas of that tribe. I shall carefully direct it to you and trust that the finder, after satisfying the curiosity that will be but natural in him, will forward it to you in the full knowledge that the request is merely a sentimental one.

Evil days have fallen upon me since last I wrote you, two years ago. In ignorance of whether or not you received that communication I shall here set down briefly the events of my life since I left home to join in the Mexican War. There will be many events of my life since I left to join in the Mexican War. There will be many events in it which I would not tell you were it not that every man, in what he conceives to be his last moments, longs for the comfort of confession. Apprehending that you will have difficulty with the initials and unfamiliar names in my diary I utilize these unwritten pages to reduce the same to legible form.

I shall then bury this where it will be recovered in the event it ever reaches your eyes. That it will I am confident, for it is but a question of time until the bottom of the ancient mission of Santa Maria, where I shall put it, will be excavated in the search for buried treasure which animates this entire land. My reason for burying it at all is that I hope it may remain hidden until the present frenzy against all Americans may have passed and some kindly hand send it on to you.

As you know, the New York Volunteers, which I joined at the opening of the late war, instead of being sent with the expedition from Vera Cruz, were dispatched to subdue this barren land of Lower California. We landed at La Pas, which, lest it be not on your maps, is almost at the farthermost point of the finger of the land which forms the province and which is a pretty Spanish town of refined ways.

It was necessary for us to fight a few battles, but in the main the people were not unfriendly to our coming, and soon it was possible to take possession of the entire land by sending out small groups of soldiers to the most important points. In spite of my youth, you will recall I was but 18 years of age when I enlisted, I had been made a corporal, and was in this country promoted to be a sergeant. This was more due to my physical size, I fear, than to my commanding ability.

As sergeant, then, it was my lot to command one of the squads of men sent out, and it so happened that ours was the one sent the greatest distance to the north, since other troops were to come south from Todos Santos, on the Pacific coast, far to the north. We went to Loreto, the ancient capital of the province, by boat and thence overland to the beautiful hamlet of San Ignacio.

"Only My Great Physical Endurance Enabled Me to Reach This Lonesome Spot."

The beauties of San Ignacio I possess not the words to describe. It is in a region so desolate that it would seem God had set the seal of his disapproval on the land, were it not for this single glowing spot. There one finds flowing water, fields of grain, wondrous fruits and palm trees and a friendly people.

There I, Phineas Cranford, found more than these, for I found love. Had it not been that my position as the commander of the little band of American soldiers gave me a certain position, I never would have met Senorita Guadalupe Ruiz, for her father was the great man of the settlement, a grandee of pure Spanish blood, with a wife as well bred as himself.

I would, dear brother, that I could make you see Senorita Guadalupe, lest you think I was infatuated with some female of a heathen land. Her eyes were lustrous brown, but her hair was of the most golden, her manner gentle yet spirited when occasion called. She was educated in the best convents of the mainland and possessed a charm of dignity little known in our own land.

Need I say that I was infatuated with this lovely damsel? I believed that she reciprocated my affection, but, in the fashion of the country, I could not ask her, but must approach her father. He was at first obdurate, not, he assured me, thru any objection to myself, but because he feared for the mating of two nationalities now at war.

At length, in the face of my repeated renewals of my suit, he showed his innate liberality by allowing me to approach the young lady herself. I was delighted to win her approval and with it again went to her parent. He finally gave his consent to a secret marriage, the affair only to be made public after the war was over and Lower California annexed to the United States, as we all firmly believed would be the case.

Imagine, if you can, our distress at the horrible blunder of the peace commissioners in turning this land back to Mexico. I would have stayed there with my bride if military authority had not absolutely prevented it. I was refused my discharge, told that if I stayed I would be regarded as a deserter, and, tho I might now escape, would be forever an outcast from my native land. In our unsettled state, with the probability that I might have to take my bride to America before it would be safe to announce our marriage, I had no choice but to submit, which I did on the sage advice of my father-in-law. But I went with vows to be back at the earliest opportunity.

That opportunity came more quickly than I had even dared to hope. At the Isthmus we were met with the news of the discovery of gold in the lately annexed territory of Upper California. As a reward for our services a few of us who were believed especially to have distinguished themselves, were discharged that we might join in the gold rush.

It was impossible to get a ship to San Francisco, but that did not discourage our goodly company of ex-soldiers, for we embarked upon a Mexican boat bound up the coast, eventually reaching La Paz, which seemed to us like home again. We proposed to take the trip thence overland to the gold fields. Departing from the rest, I made my way instead to San Ignacio, there to learn the joyful news that I was soon to become a father.

I remained until after that happy event. Then, as behooved a man with added responsibilities, for I was now the parent of a beautiful girl baby, I too, journeyed north to the gold fields. I was gone two years and fortune treated me kindly, for when I returned it was with fifty thousand dollars, a generous sum for a man of my years in any land and particularly here, where wants were simple and luxury abhored, even by those able to afford it.

In the full security now which was given to the situation, both by peace between our countries and by the added respect commanded by my wealth, I settled down to make San Ignacio my home, perhaps forever, with my little family. It was then that I wrote you, in the height of my joy, only two years ago. Alas, how short is the happiness of man, that so little an interval should have brought so terrible a change.

There came to this country those trouble-makers of whom you must have heard, the Walker Fillibusters, who seized the land and set up what they proclaimed an independent nation. Knowing them tho I did as mere adventurers and fortune-seekers, I yet was foolish enough to welcome their advent, for I felt that this time, surely my country would take Lower California and open to the stricken land the way to its destiny.

Alas, the reign of the intruders lasted but as long as their ammunition held out. The natives, friendly while the Americans had supplies to give, turned upon them in the distress that followed. All Americans, even we of the 1848 invasion, many of us having come back and become respected citizens, were now to share in the universal hatred for our people. Our situation became desperate.

But even more desperate were the trials which had come upon me, in this situation. I had become the father of a son and heir, but at how great a cost, for my beloved wife passed to the next world at the child's birth. I was desolate, not even my golden-haired little daughter, who was becoming the image of her beautiful mother, could comfort me. However, I remained, held by a sense of duty if nothing more, until it became evident that all Americans were to be driven from the land.

My father-in-law, Don Sebastian Ruiz, was loyal to me, but even he, with his great influence, could not have protected me longer. I turned

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Pedro finally declared that the girl had sent him back to San Diego for something in a bank there. She was to await his return at Mason's ranch, but on his return they told him she had gone on to Santa Maria. The Mexican didn't know what was in the tin box he had surrendered to Captain Bill and the professor. It was agreed between the two white men that in case Miss Cranford was not found at Santa Maria they would break open the box and examine its contents.

Arriving at the ruins of the old Jesuit church at Santa Maria, Macomber and Haworth discovered that some one had been digging beneath where the altar of the church once stood. The girl was not there. While the captain and the professor were discussing their discovery, Alfredo, the professor's boy, appeared with the news that Pedro had escaped with the horses, part of the camp outfit and the tin box.

Meanwhile Tom Mason had started out from his ranch and in time had found Miss Cranford's camp. She confessed to Mason that what she had found under the old mission church was a journal written by Phineas Cranford, her grandfather, at the close of the Mexican War, in which he had played an important part. She read her grandfather's story to Mason, whose fatherly conduct and valuable advice had won the girl's fullest confidence.

The story began in No. 45 the Ledger for Nov. 5. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

over to him all my remaining wealth for my children and sadly took my departure from the place which had become to me dearer than any other in the world.

I set forth grandly, as befitted a man of station. But in a few hundred miles there has been demonstrated upon me the fate which awaits all my nationality. I had been insulted, humiliated, robbed, abandoned. My outfit dwindled with desertions. At length on the Llanos, which I have just crossed, I was finally abandoned entirely, all of my water stolen by my faithless servants. Only my great physical endurance enabled me to reach this lonesome spot and to support life with the aid of my single remaining weapon.

What awaits me beyond no one can say. The Indians to the north and northeast, whither I intended to travel, are hostile. They were with Walker once, but they, too, had no loyalty beyond that of their stomachs. Many of his men they have murdered, the rest have been harassed across the border. That I heard before I left San Ignacio. How I can hope to pass safely to my own land only our Father above can say. It is at this time and for this reason that I bury this, probably my last communication to my kinsmen.

Before I close there is an injunction which I must put here to you, my brother, or to any other Cranford whom this book may ever reach. I enjoin you that should it ever come to you to be possible that such a thing be done, you look you to the welfare of my offspring at san Ignacio. I cannot promise rewards for obedience to this, the last wish of an apparently doomed man, beyond the satisfaction that will be yours in performance of a last duty to the dead, for my wealth has all been diverted to the good of my children. But to the Cranford who does perform this act of mercy it is more than likely that fortune will make her reward. I cannot say more that would be understood.

So now I close this narrative, my brother, with the hope that if you never see me it will make your long-lost brother live again for a little while with you. May God rest my soul.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HE GOT out alive?" Mason asked.

The rancher was the first to break the silence which followed the girl's reading of her grandfather's narrative, recovered now after a lapse of nearly seventy years. He spoke anxiously, for the man had been moved to a tenseness his kind seldom display.

"Yes. He met other Americans up above here in the vicinity of San Fernando and by going to the west coast they succeeded in getting away by water. He refers here to his big size, you see. I remember him as an old man, but one still of imposing figure. It was that physique which enabled him to awe the Lower Californians and get away. And it is that makes me understand his success in winning the Spanish belle; he must have seemed a god to her."

The girl was silent again and Mason wondered what romantic thoughts of riches were going thru her mind, when she disillusioned him by saying:

"I knew nothing of this Lower California family of grandfather's until I read his journal this afternoon. Nor did father know of it, I believe. Old Phineas kept it a secret. I wonder why? Perhaps he found grandmother was jealous and thought it wisest to say nothing. But most of the tales he told us children were of San Ignacio; he called it the garden spot of the world. As he got older he seemed to think more and more of it. Father told me once that when he was a young man he had an awful time after grandmother died, in keeping grandfather from trying to revisit Lower California."

"I don't blame him, neither, for wanting to come," agreed Mason. "There are about half a dozen fine old real Spanish families like that in this whole peninsula. The Ruiz are an old clan down San Ignacio way."

"Then they live there still!" The girl became animated. "Then I can find them!"

Mason regarded Miss Cranford with an expression he intended to be paternally disapproving.

"I think, young lady, you better call your adventure in Lower California over," he pronounced slowly. "You didn't find the gold you expected here and your old grandfather is too vague about fortune's rewards down there. I don't take no stock in it."

"I would not be going for that, honestly I would not," she declared, earnestly. "Tho I tried to deny it to myself, it was, of course, the thought of treasure which brought me here. I am fairly independent on what father left me, but I wanted riches, like every one else. I planned and prepared for this trip for years, and told my sisters it was because it was an obligation I owed to grandfather's memory. All the while it was a selfish motive. But it shall not be that now. I will let you know in the morning what my decision is."

She made her way to her tent without further remark and Mason was left alone to muse far into the night on the Cranford instinct for adventure, which, apparently jumping a generation, had cropped out in this girl. He did not so formulate his crude thoughts, but they brought to him a sense of entirely impersonal admiration that he could not analyze.

When Constance Cranford appeared for the camp breakfast it was to display a suddenly renewed interest in when the arrival of Pedro Lopez, her guide, might be expected here. Her party was as much in ignorance of the passage of that worthy thru Santa Maria, which had occurred late on the afternoon of their arrival here, while they were bringing in the girl's bighorn, as was he of the near presence of Miss Cranford.

"What are you so anxious about Pedro for?" Mason asked, aware at the time of what must be in the young woman's mind, but determined to make her express it.

"I want him to guide me on to San Ignacio. I have appreciated more than I can tell or money can recompense, your kindness in coming this far, Mr. Mason, and it is not right that I should try to detain you longer."

"You mean, too, it's because I don't favor your going on, don't you?" he inquired.

"That probably has something to do with the situation," she conceded, showing a little amusement at his bluntness. "Coming here I had the certainty that I knew what I was coming for or at least where I was to look. Going on to San Ignacio is, of course, a wild-goose chase; I can't even make it sound reasonable to myself, but I am going, just the same. That's a woman's reason for you, isn't it." She laughed heartily at herself, but beneath her merriment rang an undercurrent of pleading for understanding which she could hardly expect from this honest but rough man.

"No, it ain't reasonable," Mason responded slowly. "I don't know as you know that American blood, left over from ten days of the filibusters, is regarded as a sort of disgrace here on the peninsula among the high-class natives. It ain't one chance in a thousand you'll find any offspring of those San Ignacio children that you can really trace. But you can quit fussing about that Pedro because if you're set on going, why I'm going along to see you get thru safely."

The girl's soft hand was on his arm and she said sincerely:

"Tom Mason, if ever there was a chivalrous gentleman, you are one. Not much like that bossy big game hunter. I think you are one of nature's noblemen."

"That's all right." Tom hastened to arise in embarrassment. "Being as we're going we better get under way, before that Pedro does come blowing in and complicates matters."

Carefully filling every possible receptacle with water, against the trying march ahead across the Llanos of Santa Maria, the party was on its way early in the forenoon. Before it had completed the descent of the barren mountains to the still more forbidding plains a sight was obtained of the approaching cavalcade which was bringing Pedro as a prisoner, altho it was too far distant to distinguish the identity of any of the persons in the other party.

With the adroitness in dodging acquired in the trip southward, a hasty detour was made and the trail carefully brushed to hide signs of the place where it had been left. So anxious were the girl and her fatherly American protector to avoid observation, which they now realized might, when the excavation at Santa Maria was discovered, cause them embarrassments, that they took a wide circle and did not pause to ascertain by the aid of glasses who made up the party they were avoiding. As a result no thought that Pedro, Captain Bill or Macomber, so lately in their conversation, were near, entered their minds.

As they proceeded their concern was with their carelessness in having left in such a hurry that the hole in the old mission had not been filled. Mason put their apprehension into words, with:

"Any of these rumor-infested greasers that sees that digging will be dead sure somebody found a fortune there and will light out to see if he can't collect his share of it."

CHAPTER XIV.

A PENSIVENESS which was strangely out of keeping with the young woman's previous conduct seemed to settle upon Miss Cranford, as the long, dreary ride across the dry Llanos proceeded. Formerly in almost constant

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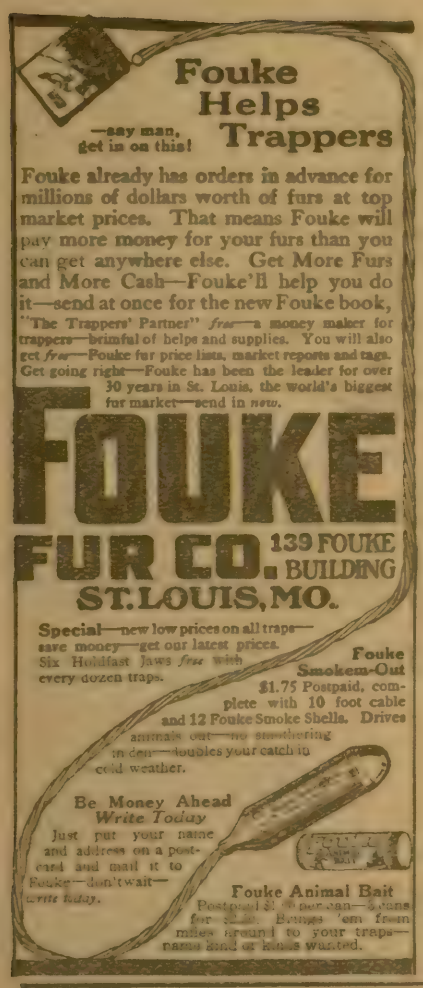
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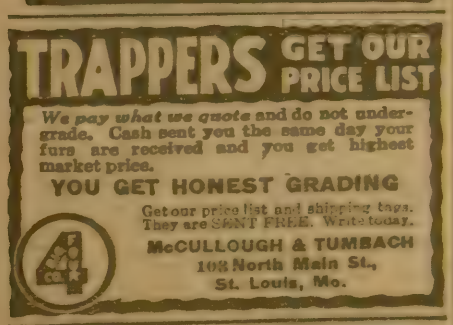
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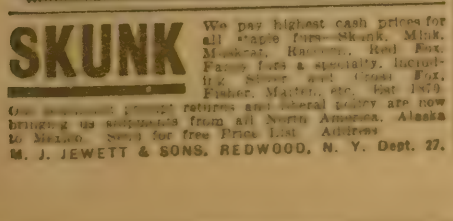
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eruption of questions concerning the country, she now, tho alertly looking about, became silent. Mason, in his kindly heart thinking he surmised the cause of her seriousness, sought to reassure her by saying:

"You mustn't dwell on your grandfather's sufferings along this camino. Our situation is nothing like his. We'll have no trouble getting thru; probably have water to throw away when we get to the first water holes on the other side."

With one of her quick smiles, she replied:

"I'm not worrying. I was just wondering what sort of cousins I would find down there at San Ignacio."

Wisely, Mason advised:

"You better not start in dwelling on that so soon, because you've got most as long a trip ahead of you as we've had from my place, and this is no country for fussing about your troubles in—the heat makes 'em so much more real than they naturally are. Just forget it."

To divert her mind, he began pointing out occasional tracks of recent travel on the camino.

"It was a right smart sized party and moving faster than the average of these Mexicans. See, they had shod horses and another place a ways back I noticed they had actually been able to induce a burro to trot. Burros can do it, you know, tho a fellow might work with 'em years without suspecting they was gifted that way."

Mason's well-meant efforts were soon given the aid of nature. The Llanos of Santa Maria were one of the few refuges on the North American continent of antelope. A sight of them quite thoroly drove from Miss Cranford's mind, to all outward appearance, any contemplation of the past. She was as thoroly responsive to the lure of the animals as would be any enthusiastic Nimrod and immediately proposed that a stop be made, for she knew that Mason was a great hunter in his days of leisure. Strangely enough, the man cautioned against a halt.

"I don't like sticking around too close to that Santa Maria excavation of yours," he said. "You don't realize like I do how much store these Lower Californians set by tales of buried gold. According to them there's a fortune, nothing less, buried somewhere around every one of the old missions. We best be getting out of the vicinity."

At the girl's continued importunities, later in the day, he said:

"Wait until tomorrow, then if we see any we'll try a hunt." But after pondering these words, he amended them by adding: "You mustn't go out of sight of camp, tho. I'll do the long distance stalking. Too much danger from thirst, if a person should get lost. 'Tain't like in the mountains, even the dry ones, where you have landmarks to guide you back to camp. Out here country all looks alike except for the distant hills, and they're a whole lot more distant than a tenderfoot likes to think. We'll talk it over again tomorrow."

Talking it over was indeed necessary, for early forenoon again brought the vision of the fascinated, staring creatures in the distance, betraying by their boldness that they were little disturbed by the infrequent travelers over this almost abandoned trail.

"You go out a little way and just stay put. I'll circle around and see if I can't scare them this way," Mason proposed.

"But that is no way to hunt," the girl objected. "Besides, if they are afraid of you, just one man, it is a certainty they won't run this way, toward our entire party."

"Now, Miss Cranford, I'm dead set against your getting out of sight." Mason for the first time became firm. "I know just how easy it is to get lost on these flats."

Mindful of the man's devotion to her cause and the personal sacrifices he was probably making to do it, the young woman raised no further objections. Tamely, she set forth on foot toward the distant animals, who continued to maintain their positions, with the curiosity which has been so fatal to their species.

There was a danger in the desert which none of the Cranford party suspected. The girl had not advanced three hundred yards toward the antelope when suddenly the animals turned tail and disappeared behind the little ridge upon which they had been ranged. Mason could not have gone far enough to startle them in this manner.

Seeking the cause of the animals' alarm, the girl glanced about, to find it quickly. Galloping wildly toward her thru the scattered cacti was a figure on horseback that upon its nearer approach she had no difficulty in recognizing as her former guide, Pedro Lopez, whom she had not seen since she sent him north from the Mason ranch in the San Pedro Martir Mountains. Pedro's recent experiences with the Macomber party, his being held prisoner, the discovery of the excavation in the old Santa Maria Mission, Pedro's release and his subsequent flight were, of course, all unknown to Constance.

Tho the girl was startled by this sudden appearance of the Mexican, it did not immediately bring her any sense of danger. She accounted for it thru an appreciation of the dramatic qualities of his race, and determined to score him roundly for such ignoring of her own occupation of the moment when she was stalking game.

But Pedro left her no long opportunity for the harboring of such thoughts. He drew up with a grand flourish before her and she found herself looking into the barrel of the Mexican's short, ugly revolver.

Miss Cranford, in her early experiences in Lower California, had never been without her automatic, with which she on more than one occasion demonstrated her ability simply for the awing of her native attendants. But since traveling with reliable Mason as her escort she had become heedless about the weapon. This morning, in order to lighten herself for the hunting, she had carelessly unstrapped the holster and hung it upon her saddle horn.

It was as much the look of satisfaction upon Pedro's face as he glanced, involuntarily, at her waist and discovered the absence of the automatic, as his melodramatic gesture with his own gun, which convinced the girl of his sinister intentions. But with the coolness which tense situations always brought out in her, she chose to ignore the threat by saying:

"You were late in getting to Santa Maria. Our outfit is over there. Kindly go there and wait for me to finish my hunting."

With his bridle hand Pedro doffed his wide sombrero in a gesture of burlesque courtesy, while his lips curled in a sneering laugh of which the girl had always believed them capable, tho always before they had merely trembled on the edge of the expression. He said:

"It is so regretful I cannot oblige la senorita. But I must talk with her alone—privately. I have many things to ask her before I give her the tin box which I have brought safely. She will climb up before me on the horse and we will go where we will be unmolested. She must first drop her rifle."

The steel-sharp blue eyes bored embarrassment into the brown ones, despite the braggadocio of the man, and a little less certainly, he added:

"I assure senorita she shall not be hurt in any way, if she but answer questions. I have no desire for you. It is not that. I want merely to know what you dig up in the old mission. Such gold as that of the padres' is not for unbelievers. You must come, senorita. Drop your gun."

This attack might or might not be observable from the spot where the Cranford outfit waited. More than likely the mozos were already asleep beside the trail. It flashed into the girl's mind that it would make little difference if they did see. They were, first of all, cowardly natives, who would not willingly venture into trouble. Also, they were really employes of Pedro and little likely to interfere with him. The only hope of salvation lay in attracting the attention of Mason, who must now be well on his way toward the antelope and carefully keeping out of sight. If their sudden flight had been noticed by the rancher he would probably ere this have sought its cause, so he must be encircling them blindly.

Apparently the only hope lay in forcing a discharge of that revolver in the Mexican's hand. To make her determined plan a surprise to the man, the girl sought to temporize. She obediently laid her rifle on the ground, for she knew if she fired it as a signal her instant death might result.

"For this you shall be punished," she said. "What business is it of yours what I do down here? I do not know what you talk about. But I am willing to find out. We can talk here as well as anywhere, tho I would not have you think I am afraid to go with you."

"Senorita need not be afraid. No harm shall come to her—if she is good little girl." Again this mocking smile accompanied the words. The man liked this defiant attitude as long as it did not assume a dangerous phaze.

"Where do you propose to take me?" Constance asked.

"Only just a little ways, to where my camp is. I have watched you since early morning for a chance to speak with you. Come, senorita."

He shook his left foot free from the stirrup and motioned her to put her own in it and swing up before him. The girl, directly in front of the horse, stepped toward the mounting side of the animal. As she did so the revolver held in Pedro's hand was raised and carefully followed her progress. But its certainty of aim was decreased by every foot she came nearer to the place where she could obey the summons.

The girl raised her foot, pretended to trip a little, let it drop. At the same instant Pedro's horse gave a mighty leap in the air and the girl herself with a dodging motion stepped aside. She had, in that pretended slip, managed to seize a rock and with it brought upwards a heavy blow upon the animal's belly.

Pedro's gun went off, not once but three times, as he tried at the same time to control his rearing mount and to stop the running zigzag flight of Miss Cranford back toward her outfit. But the horse, in its first plunge, had hit one of the cacti which make travel in Lower California so uncomfortable to its kind, and was wildly prancing. The Mexican's aim, never good, was hardly dangerous in this situation. Constance had banked upon that. If only she could dodge faster than the frightened horse, among the cacti, she might reach her camp and safety. Meanwhile, the shots were certain to attract Mason.

But tho he might be a poor marksman, Pedro was, like so many of his nationality, a superb horseman. Realizing his limitations, he dropped his revolver into its holster and devoted all his attention to his horse, subduing it before the girl had covered a hundred yards of her long run. The mozos of the Cranford party had been aroused by the shots; the girl could see them in gaping amazement beside the animals, gesticulating grotesquely, but doing nothing to help her. More encouraging, Mason had appeared, in the distance to the left and his rifle barked suddenly.

To the man on horseback it is doubtful if the rifle shot was audible or Mason observed, for Mexicans are not prone to continue obstinately with a purpose when under gunfire. Pedro was bearing down upon the girl now. For an instant she had the sickening dread that he intended to ride her down, but he swerved the animal suddenly and bent low over the right side. As he paused, his powerful right arm swept her up as if she were a child, and she was carried away, too frightened to kick and fight, lest she find herself dropped beneath the horse's hoofs.

Pedro now observed Mason, tho the latter had, of necessity, ceased firing lest he hit Miss Cranford. The Mexican, in some passion, turned his horse directly toward the rancher, holding the girl up as a shield, and fumbling with his holster with his left hand, while he guided his animal by his knees, a favorite trick of his people. It seemed that he was intent on murdering the American.

"Shoot, Tom, oh, shoot! Don't mind me," the girl desperately called, but it was no use, her words did not carry and would have been unheeded by Mason. The man had dropped to one knee and was sighting carefully. Evidently he intended to shoot the horse as they passed. Pedro saw the danger and began firing the remaining three shots in his gun. This time his aim was truer. Mason crumbled suddenly in a heap. Over a rise of the desert disappeared the Mexican and his fair prisoner.

It begins to look as if this wily Mexican is much too clever for the three Americans who have been led from their regular pursuits to safeguard a mysterious American girl, whose errand into the wilds of Lower California is still an unsolved enigma to all save Tom Mason. But, what is the gallant Englishman, the adventurous "Lord Chauncey," up to all this while? Perhaps he will show up in the next installment of the story. If the girl is to be rescued from the grasp of the tricky Pedro, some one has got to get busy—pronto! More about it in next week's Ledger.

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The Sign of the Flaming Cross

(Continued From Page 4)

As you read these lines it may seem to you that the things of which I write are but the wild illusions of a fevered brain, Be that as it may, I cannot blame you, for sometimes when memory comes they seem so, even to me. But the power is not given me to efface one single line that the hand of Fate has written in the pages of the Book. And so, for the first time, I shall tell you the story of my past, and every word that I may write here upon this paper is the word of truth, so help me God.

In the early days of my life the call of the deep found its way into my veins and for many years I followed the sea. It was a hard life, but somehow I took to it readily and it was not long ere I had won my papers and a berth as first mate aboard the three-masted schooner, Sarah Lee.

One day after a long cruise to the South Pacific we put in at Liverpool, and learned that the owners had chartered the ship to the government for a special service. It seemed that we were to carry a cargo of bullion to Australia, consigned for the port of Melbourne. It was on a Friday when we landed at Liverpool and we were not to sail until the following Tuesday.

The Sarah Lee being a bit short-handed the skipper and myself set forth the following night to make the rounds of some of the waterfront dens in quest of a few seamen to fill up the crew. As luck would have it the first saloon at which we stopped happened to be known by the very odd name of The Flaming Cross. We found a table in one of the far corners of the room and for a time we sat there sipping the villainous whisky that was dished up to us. And after a while we fell to talking about the unusual cargo which now rested in the hold of the Sarah Lee.

"Horton, do you know what that bullion is worth?" the skipper asked.

"No, I can't say that I do," I replied.

"Two million pounds sterling."

The figures he named startled me. I had watched them carry the stuff aboard in small steel boxes, and while I had known that each of those boxes was filled with solid gold bars I had never dreamed that its value was so great.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "That's a whole lot of money, Jerry."

"You bet it is—a hell of a lot. Horton, how would you like to own about a fifth of it?" He had leaned suddenly across the table and there was a greedy glitter in his eyes as he looked squarely into mine.

"Well, I guess I wouldn't mind it," I replied. The remark was casual, for I had no idea at the moment that there was any sinister purport behind his question.

"All right. You can have a fifth share of it if you want it."

At first I thought that the man was either crazy or joking. He seemed, however, to be in deadly earnest.

"What the devil do you mean?" I asked.

He did not reply for a moment, but he continued to watch me closely, as tho he were trying to read my thoughts. Presently——

"Listen here, Horton! I mean exactly what I said. A man don't have a chance like this more than once in his lifetime. We can pick up a crew that'll be with us in this thing and what's to hinder us from getting possession of that bullion? Not a thing in the world."

As I sat there at the table in that waterfront den and the full significance of this thing he proposed came to me, it was my first thought that the man could hardly be in earnest. I had known Jerry McQuade for quite some time, and while I knew that he was entirely capable of going beyond the limit of the law, it was hard to believe that he would conceive an undertaking so desperate as this. Still, when I thought of that glittering wealth down there in the hold of the Sarah Lee, it was not so hard to believe, after all. Two million pounds sterling—in our own coinage almost ten million dollars—truly a prize that would have tempted many a better man than Jerry McQuade or I. Anyhow, I decided, I would hear what he had to say.

"How do you propose to do it, Jerry?" I asked.

"Well, the government is to send four men along who are to guard the bullion until it has been delivered at Melbourne. They'll never suspect anything and it ought to be easy enough to take them by surprise some night and drop them over the side. Once we had the stuff in our possession we could work out a plan all right to get away with it. My idea is that you and I each get a fifth share and the rest go to the crew. It's a hangman's noose if we fail, but—by hell—it's a prize worth going after."

I was willing to admit the truth of that, and the more I thought about it the more was I inclined to go into it with him. It was indeed a black thing that he contemplated, but the hard life of the sea had left its mark upon me, and when I thought of what a share of that treasure would mean to me I was sorely tempted. As he had said it would be a hangman's noose for every last man of us if the plot should fail, but unless the sea were to give up its dead how could it fail? With the ship and the bullion once in our possession, the rest seemed easy enough. And so, after a time, I reached the decision that I have since had cause to regret every day of my life.

Well, to make a long story short, within the next two days the skipper and myself had rounded up a crew that we knew we could depend upon. They were a desperate, motley group from the four corners of the earth, and there wasn't a one among them who would hesitate to commit murder if he felt that it would serve his ends to do so. There were three or four seamen of the old crew of whom we were not quite sure, and on one pretext or another McQuade managed to get rid of them.

The Sarah Lee was in readiness to sail early on Tuesday morning and the night before we gathered in a back room at that same waterfront den—the Flaming Cross. With McQuade and myself there were fourteen of us in the group, and we went carefully over every detail of the desperate undertaking. It was our plan after we had seized the ship to make for some small island and there melt up the bullion. In the meantime we had secured three or four old chests and these we had carried aboard the Sarah Lee. We then planned to transfer the gold to these chests and rid ourselves of the steel boxes in which it was now packed. We would change the name across the Sarah Lee's bow and then make a few other changes here and there so that no one would ever recognize her as the same schooner. Whereupon we would make for some port in South America and tell our story about the finding of a pirate's buried gold on an island somewhere in the South Pacific. After which we would divide the treasure and each man could follow the path he so desired.

And so, gathered there that night in the back room of that Liverpool den, we formed the Order of the Flaming Cross.

Each to the other we swore undying allegiance and to the desperate plot our evil minds had conceived. Death was to be the forfeit if one among us should falter even for a moment.

The weeks which followed were uneventful. The Sarah Lee plowed steadily southward until we had passed the island of St. Helena, when we turned her nose toward the Cape of Good Hope. Then one night we gathered in the skipper's cabin and decided that the time for action was at hand. With the exception of a half-caste Mexican every man of the crew was in the plot.

Our original plan had been to over-

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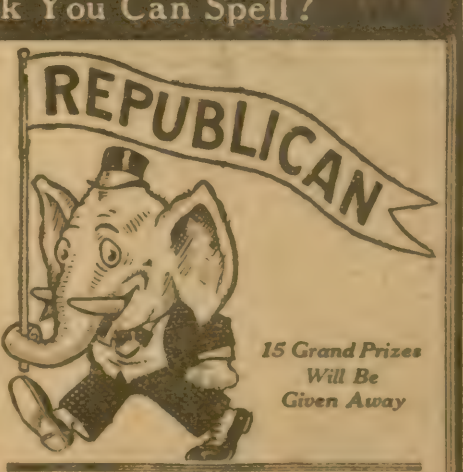
Boys! Boys! Girls, Too!

Do You Think You Can Spell?

See How Many Words You Can Make

This puzzle is a sure winner—everyone who joins the Club wins a prize. It's easy, try it. See how many words you can make out of the letters used in the word "Republican." A few of the words are: Blue, can, ran, pie, rice, etc. Don't use more letters in the same word than there are in the word "Republican." Only words that can be found in Webster's International Dictionary will be counted. This puzzle looks easy and simple, but if you can make 10 or 15 words send in your list at once. The person winning first prize may not have that many. Be first to send in your list.



15 Grand Prizes Will Be Given Away

Culver Auto—1st Prize

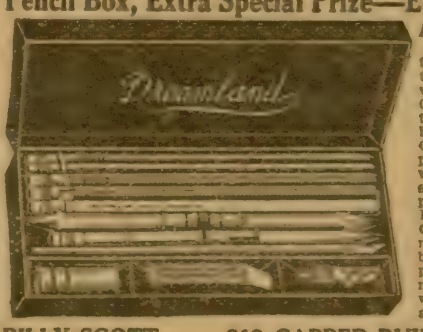
A Real Gasoline Automobile

This is not a toy, but a real automobile, built especially for boys and girls. You can learn to run it in an hour's time. It will do anything a full sized car will do. You can run errands, take things to market, drive to school, go after the mail—all you have to do is to crank it, jump in and you are ready to go. Some girl or boy is going to be the proud owner of this Culver Racer—why not you? See how many words you can make out of above puzzle. Get an early start.

This Is "Prince"—2d Prize

How many little boys or girls would be proud to own a pony like Prince. The Pony is four years old, and about 40 inches high. It's a spotted pony with four white feet, some white in tail and mane. This does not show a very good picture of Prince, but he is a mighty pretty little pony and loves boys and girls. He wants a good home. We gave Prince's Brother away last month to a little girl just 9 years old, and I wish you knew how easy it was for her to get this pony. Don't fail to join my club. If you can spell see how many words you can make out of the above puzzle and write me TODAY.

Pencil Box, Extra Special Prize—Every Club Member Rewarded



How to Join the Club—Read This Now

Each one who sends in a list of words on this Spelling Club will receive 100,000 votes to start with. Just for fun see how many words you can make. We will also give 50,000 votes and a complete Pencil Box Outfit to all who join the Club. To the Club Member having the most votes at the close of the Club we will give the Culver Racer as first prize. To the second highest Club Member we will give the Shetland Pony, Prince, and so on until we have awarded the fifteen grand prizes. You will receive a complete Pencil Box Outfit just for promptness in joining the Club. Anyone may enter this Club and there never was a better offer made, especially for boys and girls. Every Club Member gets a prize. If there should be a tie between two or more Club Members, each tying Club Member will receive prize tied for. Answer the puzzle and send in your list of words TODAY.

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power the four guards and then drop them gently over the schooner's side to find their graves at the bottom of the sea. But this seemed too much like cold-blooded murder and at the last moment the skipper changed the plan. It was decided that we would hold them prisoners and later leave them marooned on the island where we might land to carry out the rest of the plan we had formed.

It was really all over in almost less time than it takes to tell of it. The guards were taken completely by surprise and they offered but little resistance. We locked them down in the forecastle and immediately veered our course toward the South American coast which, we knew, must lay some twenty-five hundred miles to the west of us.

For several days we made good progress and then one night dark clouds began to gather in the western skies and the wind died down until the calmness of death seemed to envelop us. Not the slightest breath of air filled the sails and they hung limp and useless from the masts above our heads. Slowly the black clouds mounted skyward and realizing that we were in for one of the tropical gales which not infrequently visit this part of the sea we reefed the sails and made ready to face it.

A half-hour passed and presently the air began to stir again. At first it was only a gentle wind, but with every passing moment it gathered volume until the waters about us were rolling in long, steady swells, breaking over at their tops into foamy, white-capped curves. By 10 o'clock the storm was upon us with all the fury of a hell turned loose, and, while the Sarah Lee was as stanch and sturdy a craft as ever sailed the deep, we knew that the odds were against us in such a gale as this.

All thru the long hours of the night we fought for our lives, and as the monster waves swept down upon us it seemed that every moment would be the last. At midnight one of the men came up and reported a leak in the fore part of the hold. For a time we managed to hold our own at the pumps, but after a while the water began to gain and it became then only a matter of hours until we would have to abandon the Sarah Lee and take to the smaller boats.

We had risked much for the sake of the glittering wealth in the hold and somehow, even when it seemed that the end was close at hand, we could not give up the idea of taking with us as much of the bullion as we could carry.

While three or four of the men began at once to make the boats ready the rest of the crew continued their work at the pumps. The steel boxes in which the bullion was encased were very heavy, and as only three of the smaller boats proved to be serviceable we were compelled to leave the most of it down there in the hold, to find its grave with the Sarah Lee at the bottom of the South Atlantic.

By morning the gale had spent its force, and while the waters still rolled in long swells the wind had died down again and the air was almost calm. The hold of the schooner was more than half-filled with water and already she was beginning to slowly settle toward the head.

It was a difficult matter to launch the smaller boats and there was imminent danger, too, of their being caught in the trough of a wave and smashed to kindling against the schooner's side. But somehow we managed it without mishap. We kept the three boats as close together as possible and for several moments the men bent their strength to the oars. We had covered perhaps a quarter of a mile and were well beyond the danger zone when the order was given to rest and we turned to watch the ill-fated schooner.

Black as was the sin in my soul, it sickened me to think of the poor devils we had left back there on the ship without a chance in the world for their lives. In the excitement of the last few moments we had forgotten them entirely, and locked down there in the forecastle they would die like rats in a trap.

The bow of the schooner was deep in the water now and as it poured in thru the forward portholes she settled rapidly. A huge wave caught her squarely across the stem, washed up over the gunwales and swept aft with a splintering crash that snapped the foremast and sent it smashing to the deck. Then as the waters swirled off her decks the Sarah Lee came out from under it and seemed to shake herself as if in protest against the cruelty of it all. But it was a vain battle against the powers of the deep and the end came a few moments later. With a last, desperate lunge the bow of the schooner disappeared and presently the waters had closed above her as the Sarah Lee sought her final resting place in the locker of Davy Jones.

With the aid of the instruments we had brought with us we reckoned our approximate location to be some fifteen hundred miles or so directly south of the island of St. Helena. In those days this was a trackless part of the South Atlantic and our chances of being picked up by a passing ship were very small indeed.

For three days and three nights we rowed aimlessly about and there was not one among us in whose bosom there existed the faintest ray of hope. Then as the dawn broke on the morning of the fourth day we saw in the distance a dark speck against the southern horizon. It was land undoubtedly and hope came back again into the hearts of the men as they bent their strength to the oars.

It turned out to be a small island thick with vegetation, and while it offered us a safe refuge the chances were that it would be many months before a ship would pass that way.

After we had effected a landing we carried our treasure from the boats and buried it at a point well back from the shore line. Having carefully marked its location, we divided into several groups and set forth to investigate. The island proved to be about a mile in length and half that width, and there was no sign anywhere to show that the foot of man had trod its shores in many a day. There were plenty of edible fruits and berries, and with the waters about us undoubtedly teeming with fish, it was apparent that we could exist for years if needs be.

One of our number had been the ship's carpenter, and as luck would have it he had been foresighted enough to load a small chest of tools into one of the boats. With the aid of these we were able to put up three small huts in the weeks which followed, and while they were very rudely constructed they served their purpose, nevertheless.

While only a small part of the bullion still remained in our possession, we judged it to be worth close to a quarter of a million pounds. We therefore decided to carry out the plan we had originally formed. We fully realized that months might pass—even years—before a ship might come that way, but there was always the chance, and we decided to be prepared for any emergency.

The steel boxes in which the bullion was encased were water-tight, and for want of anything better we used them for melting the gold. The chests we had obtained had gone down with the Sarah Lee, but with the aid of the tools we had managed to construct two others that we felt would serve our purpose. We then transferred the gold to these chests and reburied our treasure, there to remain until such time as Fate might see fit to smile upon us.

In the conclusion of the father's signed confession the reader will learn what happened to John W. Horton and his companion, Jerry McQuade, after gaining the lonely island with their ill-gotten gold. The second and concluding part of the story will also describe the thrilling experiences of Robert Horton, the son, before the mystery of the Flaming Cross was solved. The author keeps one guessing near to the end of his narrative, but all is clear when the final word is written. Don't miss the finish of the story.

* * *

Stung!

"TALKING about dry towns, have you ever been in Leavenworth, Kan.?" asked the commercial traveler in the smoking car. "No? Well, that's a dry town for you, all right."

"They can't sell liquor at all there?" asked one of the men.

"Only, if you had been bitten by a snake," said the traveler. "They have only one snake in the town, and when I got to it the other day, after standing in line for nearly half the day, it was too tired to bite.'

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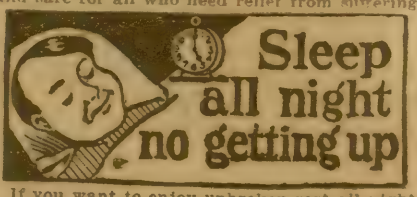

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Goitre

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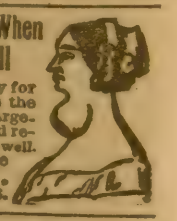

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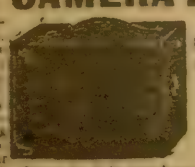

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W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Recoil

(Concluded From Page 6)

face. He looked up at her tearfully, his lineaments like ashes.

"I've crossed them! I've put them in the Cedar. I've killed Doc Dudson!" he shrieked.

The girl's fingers tightened convulsively upon his hands, a strange thrill swept her, and she gazed down upon his distorted countenance in mingled joy, horror and awe. "Doctor Dudson? You—killed—him!" she breathed, as if suddenly in the presence of some daunting, overwhelming scene. "Come home with me, come away from here! I must take care of you!" His shaking hands clung to hers and she pulled him to his feet. "Mr. Mullen, may he go now?" she asked.

Mullen nodded as he worked away without looking toward her. "Better get him away from here before Arnold and Marley arrive," he said, still without looking up.

Swaim's mood changed from wailing remorse to abject terror. He pushed toward the door, dragging the girl into the corridor. "They will arrest me! They will put me in the penitentiary for criminal carelessness!" he cried. "Let me loose, Judith! Let me go! Let me get away while I can!"

She held him fast and was dragged out thru the main entrance. There she got an arm about him, clutching him close. Her eyes, passionate with love and solicitude, fed upon his wild face pityingly. "No, Carl, no! They won't do that! They will discharge you and blacklist you, but they won't imprison you!" she told him. "They can't! Doctor Dudson killed himself thru you! He took his own life trying to ruin you! The poison he gave you killed him! No jury would ever find you guilty!" Her tone was vehement, merging protest, declaration and conviction.

They were stumbling along the platform. The sagging, stricken young fellow ceased his incoherent, frightened moaning and stopped still. He flung up his hands and began to laugh hysterically. "Sure, he did it! He killed himself thru me! I never thought of doing it! He tricked me into taking the dope and then the dope killed him! What a joke!"

"Hush!" said the girl, "you mustn't laugh! Come on!"

She led him along the platform and out thru the yards, her arm protectingly about him. Clinging to her, he went forward, staggering and laughing in a fashion that was sad to hear. They turned into a street that climbed toward the top of the ridge, along which a road ran in the direction of Judith's home.

ON THE way all life, spent with the hot summer night, slept in the faintly cooling dawn, deaf and indifferent to their trouble. When they reached the house they sank down upon the steps of the porch. In the east the amber fan had changed to a vast dome of gold up the sides of which wimpled tongues of rosy flame; the wide bosom of the land was heaving upward from the misty gloom as a newborn island might lift itself from the sea. He took the phial from his pocket and lifted his hand to dash the dreadful stuff upon the cement walk.

"No!" she cried, and took it from him. "I will give you a portion every second day, then every third, then every fourth, until you are well. I will be your nurse and mother until you are cured, then—your wife. That shall be your incentive, your reward. Your body only is marred, your soul is clean. I shall live and fight for you as somewhere, sometime, you lived and fought for me."

He lifted his head and straightened himself, tho he swayed like a man long sick. He tried to speak but could not. She brushed her hand across his hair. "Never mind," she said, "you are wounded and hurt—people like you are only wounded and hurt—and need kindness and nursing and care and good environment. I am going to sell this place, and take the insurance funds father left me, and we will go out to the coast. You are to live more in the open and become well, also a wise and good man. Come on into the house; Aunt Linda is still asleep. I am going to cook your breakfast; you will need rest and the best possible food with which to make the fight."

He rose waveringly, the light of the dawn and a rueful smile touching his haggard face. "I hope, Judith, that your—your dream about me may—come true," he faltered plaintively.

"It will," she said.

And it did; time and love and nature with their healing magic made the dream a fact.

THE END.

He Who Runs Away

(Continued From Page 5)

they find you you'll be shot. Hurry up there!"

David was hurrying. As they left the building half a dozen pistol shots rang out. Three men dashed around a corner, stopped suddenly, wheeled and fired back in the direction from which they had come. Immediately the pursuers appeared, firing as they came. One of the three men dropped—the remaining two ran—thirty feet away one of them fell. David didn't look to see what became of the other one.

David was shaking as with the ague. He had heard of such things. Big Wallace was an expert relater of thrilling stories.

Somehow they reached the steamer. David never knew how. He only hoped that he was safe. He immediately sought the dirty stateroom assigned him. Then he crawled into his berth. He was sick—very sick. He shuddered as he heard shots on the dock only a short distance away. He plunged his head beneath the covers. Then the boat commenced to move. David sighed his relief.

Back on the dock Big Wallace gave the signal to cease firing. His companions, their guns still smoking, gathered around him and laughed heartily. The native policemen who hurried up, startled by the noise, accepted the few pesos handed them and departed, grinning at the foolishness of the Americanos.

Big Wallace chuckled over what he would report to Bert Morrow. Even now he could feel himself basking in the manager's favor.

DAVID was glad that there was no wireless on the little steamer. He didn't want to hear anything from the outside world. No doubt he had caused his uncle trouble. He never once suspected that there might be anything out of the ordinary in the captain's accepting him as a passenger without the formality of a ticket. He mentioned the matter of paying for his transportation and was told to forget it. David didn't know that his ticket had been handed the captain two hours before he came aboard.

As the little steamer drew alongside the dock in New York and David recognized his uncle standing there—he knew he would receive no enthusiastic welcome. Of course his uncle was angry. But David wouldn't trouble him any more—he'd go away somewhere—and never come back.

The next thing David knew he was standing on the dock and J. Crawford Milton was shaking a huge fist under his nose.

"You ingrate! Traitor. You d—n fool!" J. Crawford was yelling, "You've ruined me!"

A chunky young fellow pushed J. Crawford to one side and addressed David. "Name's Johnson," said he, "with the Consolidated Press. Tell me how you did it—how many men were killed. Are you going to accept——"

David gasped. "Yes——" he murmured weakly without knowing what he said. Then he saw his uncle again. J. Crawford had thrown the chunky

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W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

young man to one side and was advancing upon David. From the expression on his relative's face David knew that he meant business. He half prepared to defend himself.

Then David felt a hand grip his arm, whirled on what he supposed to be a new foe—and was gazing into the face of Mark Hinton—the man who couldn't give him a job, because he—Hinton—was being forced to the wall by J. Crawford Milton. Ten feet away, raging like a maniac, J. Crawford was beseeching two policemen to turn him loose.

Hinton spoke rapidly. "I want you to come with me, Brooks. I can get you thru the customs in a moment. Then we'll go uptown in my car. I've something very important to say to you."

David wondered. Was the man crazy? Was HE crazy? Was everybody——

Once inside Hinton's car that gentleman handed David a newspaper. "Read that! I'm sure you'll be interested in seeing how it looks on paper. Then you can tell me how you pulled it off."

He paused and laughed. "Your uncle certainly looked ridiculous. I suppose the cops have turned him loose by this time. They kept you from having to beat him up."

David gasped. Beat his uncle up? He had no such desire. Of course, he had intended defending himself. What was wrong with everybody, anyway? His uncle would certainly have struck him had not the officers prevented. The Consolidated Press man certainly meant something. And here he was in Hinton's car.

Hinton was speaking again: "I want you to know—oh, well, go ahead and read the paper. We'll talk later."

David read. The story bore a Puerto Arturo date line. It told of the overthrow of the Mendoza government and of the regaining of power by Garcia. The part which interested David most was:

. . . Garcia wouldn't be preparing to assume the presidency but for the unexpected aid of a young American, David Brooks, nephew of J. Crawford Milton, the railroad, steamship and timber man. Young Brooks has been in Puerto Arturo for some time past, apparently working for his uncle, but in reality formulating plans for the revolution. Finally he came out in the open and made a speech in the Hotel International, advocating the overthrow of Mendoza. Friends of Garcia were present, and no doubt under pre-arranged plans with young Brooks staged the revolution about daylight the following morning, overpowering the local troops.

Puerto Arturo being the most important port in the country, Mendoza realized that his cause was lost, and immediately upon being notified by telegraph fled from the capitol, which is two hundred miles in the interior. Garcia has been proclaimed president and will immediately return from Guatemala, where he has been in exile.

There was some gun-firing earlier in the night—around midnight. Some claim that this was in connection with the revolution, while others contend it was certain of the foreign colony enjoying a celebration of their own.

With Garcia as president various people who have been forced out of business by Mendoza will be allowed to resume their operations. Garcia, it is understood, wants the country to have plenty of railroads, and one of the first concessions to be granted, it is said, will be to Mark Hinton. This concession Garcia was preparing to issue when overthrown by Mendoza.

Young Brooks left for the States on one of his uncle's steamers immediately his plans were fully under way. It is understood Garcia will make him a general in his army. . . .

There was more, but David didn't read it. His head was aching.

Hinton's voice broke the silence. "You are just the kind of a man I want. Any fellow who will disregard the selfish wishes of his uncle to see that right is done is the man I need. You once asked me for a position—you've got it and a good one. You can pick it for yourself. But I want to know how you pulled off that revolution——"

David smiled dazedly:

"Oh! it was a cinch!" said he.

* * *

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Irritated by Sun Wind Dust and Cinders

RECOMMENDED AND SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND OPTICIANS

WRITE FOR FREE EYE BOOK. MURINE CO. CHICAGO

The White Lily Murder

(Continued From Page 9.)

Tenderloin district. If this Sanford Rogers is the sort of gay boy Mrs. Embrich thinks he is, he must be well known at Larrabee's. Probably he's one of their best customers."

"I should say," answered Hosanna, "that Mr. Sanford Rogers is probably clever enough to cover up his tracks, especially if he has a cross wife and a large family up in the Bronx."

"Miss Orr—Mrs. Embrich—suggested that they lived in Jamaica."

"Did she?" asked Hosanna absently. "Maybe. But, anyway, I'd be willing to wager we couldn't get his address at Larrabee's, even if they knew it. Larrabee's are too wise for that. However——"

She broke off to stare at a freckle-faced boy with flaming red hair who came whistling along the street that bordered the south side of the Square. Hosanna went toward him and beckoned. The boy, swinging smartly upon his heel, came toward her, grinning all over his features.

"Afternoon, Miss," he said, fingering his cap.

"What are you doing up this way? I thought your beat was down at police headquarters," said Hosanna.

The boy grinned noncommittally, and vouchsafed no answer. Hosanna continued:

"I guess you're doing a little private investigating of your own, maybe?"

The boy shook his head vigorously. "Say, Miss, I tried every detective shop in N' York," he answered. "And what d'you suppose they told me? They said I ain't big enough yet. Now, ain't that tough luck on a guy!"

"Never mind," said the girl. "You won't have long to wait. You're getting bigger every day, aren't you! But, you know, Bobby, it isn't just wanting to be a detective that makes you fit to hold down the job. You've got to have the ability. Maybe you only think you have."

The boy snorted. "Well, I guess I have, Miss!" he answered. "Say, I followed a guy the whole day onct, from 9 o'clock one morning till 2 o'clock the next! Jest picked him up as he was coming out of his house. Gee, he led me a dance before I saw him home to bed. Took me to some snide joints, too!"

"And he never knew he was being followed?" asked Hosanna.

"Never got wise! Say, he kep' me waiting three hours outside his office, running up and down the stairs so as the elevator fellers shouldn't spot me being on the job, and then he called on a girl for three hours more in the afternoon, and wound up hitting the white lights. Now, wouldn't that jar you?"

"You certainly stuck to it," said Hosanna. "You like trailing people, then?"

"Like it? Say, if I hadn't me papers to sell——"

"Suppose I gave you a little job to try out for me," Hosanna suggested.

"You? Why, you ain't married, Miss, are you? Say, if you are, jest show me the feller, and I'll turn in me report complete tomorrow!"

Hosanna laughed merrily. "No, I'm not married, Bobby," she answered. "It's something quite different. Know Larrabee's, the florist's?"

The boy nodded, fixing his bright eyes keenly upon her face.

"Well, there's a gentleman buys flowers there sometimes, and we want to find out where he lives. Bobby, are you sure I can trust you?"

"Say, Miss——" began the boy, indignantly.

"All right. His name is Sanford Rogers. He's a bald, middle-aged man with a nasty mustache—you know the kind."

"Never saw one I liked," said Bobby.

"So you won't find it very difficult to spot him. Do you think, after you've sold your papers downtown, you could take up your stand outside Larrabee's, about 5 o'clock, or half-past, and sell some more, and keep a sharp lookout for this gentleman? He may be in there any evening around that time."

"Sure! That ain't hard."

"Then follow him! If he goes into a house or apartment, look at the name over the button he pushes, and make sure he isn't visiting instead of going home. If it's an elevator apartment, just use your judgment. You'll know what to do, if you have the makings of a detective in you."

The boy grinned. "You jest trust me, miss!" he answered. "I'll get him for you!"

"And when you're sure you've found Mr. Sanford Rogers' apartment, report to this gentleman here."

"Where'll I find him?" asked the boy, casting a supercilious glance at Jones.

Jones thought for a moment. "Suppose I come here every evening at 7," he suggested. "It's not far from where I board, Miss Beach. I could take a stroll this way, and if this boy has found out anything, he can be here."

"I get you," said Bobby, laconically. "Good evening, Miss."

And, with a touch of the cap, and something of a grand gesture, he started up the street, walking with all the dignity of a new-hatched chick, or, rather, perhaps a real detective in the hatching.

"Who in the world is that?" asked Jones. "You seemed to know him."

Hosanna suddenly began to laugh almost uncontrollably. "Oh, Mr. Jones," she gasped, "what a detective you would make! That's Bobby Mann, and you were face to face with him for half an hour on Wednesday evening!"

"I thought I'd seen him before," commented Jones.

HOSANNA, who showed evidences of a new spasm of the facial muscles, suddenly controlled herself. "Mr. Jones," she said, "I want you to come with me to my uncle's house. I feel, somehow, that if I were there, in his library, I'd remember—about that writing. I'm so near knowing now, it's almost bursting in my brain. Perhaps it's instinct—about the library—but won't you come?"

She almost dragged him as, holding his arm, she hurried toward the car. During the ride uptown she did not utter a word, but remained with brows knit, staring at the floor.

The gloomy Peck opened the door of the Embrich house to them. At the sight of them he gave a perceptible start, and looked at Hosanna in his furtive way.

"Good evening, Miss Beach. The Inspector has not been here this afternoon," he said.

"Thank you, Peck. I am not looking for him," Hosanna answered.

Peck stood blocking the entrance, regarding the girl with unmistakable insolence. He seemed to Jones to be making up his mind not to admit them. As Jones approached him, however, he drew back a step or two, and Jones, taking Hosanna by the arm, led her past him.

He accompanied her along the passage into the library at the rear. Hosanna snapped on the electric light. The room appeared to have been untouched since Embrich's death; dust had collected and lay white upon the surfaces of the furniture everywhere.

Hosanna shuddered. "It seems impossible to realize he's not here," she murmured. "We used to sit here so much. Now——"

Peck had come shambling after them. "Was there anything you wanted, Miss Beach?" he asked, standing in the doorway with a look of obstinate malevolence upon his furtive face.

There was a subtle threat in his tone, under the respectfulness, as if Peck denied Hosanna's right to be there.

"Nothing at present, Peck," Hosanna returned. "I'll ring if I want anything."

"Very good, Miss Beach," said Peck, still waiting.

"Get out!" said Jones. "And close that door!"

Peck withdrew slowly, and they heard the sound of his footsteps apparently retreating along the passage. Hosanna went softly to the door and turned the key vertically in the keyhole. Having done which, she stood still in the middle of the room, looking at Jones in perplexity.

"It was in here I saw that writing," she said. "My uncle used to write all his letters here. Perhaps—perhaps it was a letter from somebody. Then Clay would have it. And Clay mustn't know,

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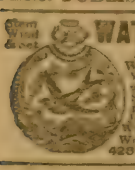

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or he'll try to twist it against poor Philip."

"It may not have been a letter," suggested Jones.

"I can't remember. Oh, if only I could remember! I know it was here!"

She sat down in a chair, resting her chin on her hands, deep in thought. Minutes went by. Jones began to grow uneasy. He could hear Peck shuffling somewhere near at hand. Once he thought there was a rustle outside the door, but he only sat watching Hosanna.

The girl got up slowly. "It's no use," she muttered, and walked to the bookshelves, which she scanned with a hopeless expression. "He used to read to me—he used to read to me," Jones heard her muttering.

Suddenly, with a little cry, Hosanna snatched at one of the books on the lower shelf. It was bound in a bright, tho faded blue, and was in rather odd contrast to the imposing philosophical volumes on both sides of it.

It was a child's story-book. Hosanna brought it to the table before the window and opened it at the fly-leaf.

"Look! I've got it!" she cried in exultation. "Just instinct! It came to me when I stood there before the shelves. My uncle used to read it to me sometimes when I was a child. Look, Mr. Jones!" she cried, as she pointed to something written on the fly-leaf of the volume.

Perhaps the writing on the fly-leaf of the story-book will be found useful in proving or disproving the genuineness of the signature to Mr. Embrich's will. But more important than all other recent developments, possibly, so far as efforts to clear up the murder mystery are concerned, is the discovery of Sanford Roger's connection with Embrich and the actress, now Mrs. Embrich, as alleged by herself. And now that Bobby Mann, the embryo detective, is on his track, something more about him may be learned in the next installment of the story. Don't fail to read Part VII. in next week's Ledger.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Way of the World

(Concluded From Page 2.)

they would go to a minister. Josh was to sit right where he was and not go ten feet from the bench. If he had a jackknife with him and could find a pine shingle, he might pass his time by whittling and whittling.

When she had departed, Josh laughed and chuckled and slapped his leg. It had all come to him dead easy. He would be back home before sundown, with a bride hanging to his arm, and that bride would fry the salt pork for supper.

Half an hour passed, and the woman came not.

Then another half hour.

Then it was two hours, and Josh began to get uneasy. He would count his money over to pass the time away. He felt in his hind pocket, but his roll was not there. He felt in all his pockets, but could not produce the greenbacks. He got up and sat down and got up again, and acted in such a way that people thought him crazy.

The woman who was to be his bride had picked his pocket. She had the money and was gone. Josh would never see her any more. He found the depot and the train for home, and moved about like a shadow. He did not come and eat his supper, but when he had milked his cows, and thrown away the milk, he bid the outside world a fond adieu, and entered his barn.

Next day they found his body hanging by a rope. It was the way of the world and he had paid the penalty of it.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Case of Too Much Music.

"I WONDER," began the agent, "if I could interest you in an entirely new type of musical——"

"You can't," exploded the weary-looking man at the desk.

The salesman looked interested. "It's a shame," he said apologetically, "to take up your time and mine too when you really won't buy anything, but this sounds fascinating. I wish you'd tell me about it. What turned you from music?"

The weary-looking man at the desk pushed back a blueprint which he had been studying. "Last Thursday at noon," he began, "the wife came down to have luncheon with me. We passed a music store which had a group of people pressing their noses against the window pane. Of course, Jazetta and I went up, too, for we hate to miss anything. It was a repeater to put on a phonograph so that the dance record will be repeated over and over again and the busy and enthralled dancers will not have to pause to start up the record again. It looked all right to me, so I bought one for my brother-in-law's machine.

"My brother-in-law, who lives in the apartment above us, owns a peach of a phonograph. He has put some kind of device on it that makes the sound about five times as great as on any ordinary machine.

"The brother-in-law was tickled with it when we took it upstairs that evening. We used it a lot and got our money's worth that very evening.

"Saturday we golfed all afternoon and we were just dog-tired when we climbed upstairs to our three-room-kitchenette-and-bath. We figured that we'd lie low all evening and take a good sleep Sunday morning.

"Just as we got settled all cozy and nice we heard the brother-in-law's machine grinding out 'Gimme the Landlord Blues'—the one that has the words along with the music. That's a peach of a record for dancing, anyhow. We smiled to think how he was enjoying the repeater—for it kept on going over and over again.

"It had been going a full hour when the neighbor who has the court bedroom right across from us knocked at our door and asked us if we couldn't make them turn that thing off. They said that they'd been ringing and knocking, but that the brother-in-law wouldn't answer.

"I knocked our family knock and rang our family ring that no one else knows, but there was nothing doing. I called them by phone, but they didn't answer. At 2 o'clock we went wearily to bed and 'Gimme the Landlord Blues' was still whining out its song. You see their machine runs by electricity. Up and down the court the neighbors made loud comments about such wretched doings. At 3 we had just gotten to sleep when a phone call came from the brother-in-law. They had gone out to the cottage for the week-end—sixty miles down in the country—and had forgotten to turn off the machine. They were awfully sorry, because even the janitor couldn't get in on account of the new lock that had just been put on the front door and the janitor didn't have his pass-key. Would we pacify the neighbors and they'd come back Sunday morning?"

"Well?" prodded the salesman.

"Well, the neighbors are all furious. I'll never buy——" he stopped suddenly, sprang to the open window and slammed it down.

A hand organ was playing "Gimme the Landlord Blues."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Lonesome Hush in My Home.

A lonesome hush is in my home
Since Eilleen ceased to be;
The winds creep in to sigh and moan,
Methinks they pity me.

Autumn days, with brownish tints
And golden sunset skies,
Send memories on a windless flight
To where my true love lies.

The moss creeps round the broken stone
That stands above her head;
Full often I have watered it
With tear-drops that I've shed.

'Tis thirty years ago today
Since we stood side by side
Beside the holy altar,
When she became my bride.

Two-and-twenty wedded years;
What happiness we knew!
Then came a heavenly messenger,
And away my Eilleen flew.
My end, too, is approaching!
The angels hover o'er,
Awaiting to escort me
To her I do adore.

—Pat Sullivan.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Profits of Production.

TWO farmers met after church, as usual, and had this conversation:

"Sold your pig?"

"Yes."

"What'd ye get?"

"Thirteen dollars."

"What'd it cost ye to raise it?"

"Paid $3 for the shoat, $5 for the lumber in the pen and house, and $5 more for the feed."

"Didn't make much, did ye?"

"No, but I had the use of the pig all summer."

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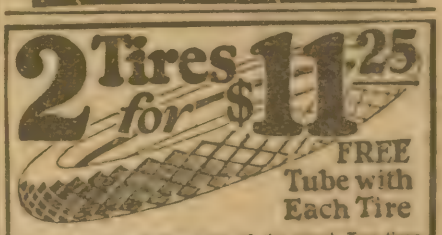

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31 x 4	10.00	16.90	35 x 4½	14.45	24.45
32 x 4	21.50	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
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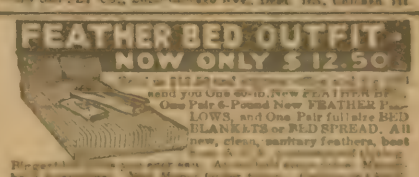

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"Pass the Pepper"

(Continued From Page 11)

Jack would desert in order to come home, Jack's father saw to it that nobody wrote him anything of it.

I expected that young Boland would take up the rifle against his enemies when he knew, but he didn't; the Army had taken some of the savage out of him, and educated him in a fair way. But he harassed the Hadleys at every opportunity; he fought them with his fists, and some of them got terrific beatings at his hands. This Sourwood Bud had fought him once, and once had been wholly sufficient. I have no doubt that Bud would have stopped working for me on Boland's account, had it not been that he feared to face the contempt of the people.

WELL, Smythe promptly proceeded to do a thing that seemed very foolish to me at the time. He at once rigged himself out in white trousers and white canvas shoes, a pink silk shirt, a sort of "butterfly" cap, a flaming tie, and socks that would have driven a Spanish bull wild—it was his idea, sir, of being really dressed up. Maybe he was celebrating his departure from a life that was filled with drugs and toilet articles! When he came down to mingle with his future associates in the clearing, there rose a chorus of yells that made me think of bedlam. I went to one of the office windows to see.

Abner Renfro was a beady-eyed, slouching fellow, and as ignorant as a caveman. He had never seen any white trousers before, and naturally he thought they were—er, something else. He walked up to William Smythe.

"Say, Willie-boy," says he, "you go and git some britches on. S'posen some wimmen folks'd come to the commissary and see you that a-way!"

He was in earnest. The kid laughed as tho it were a good joke—and perhaps it was. The rest of the crew gathered quickly around Smythe and Renfro, and foremost among them was Jack Boland.

Jack was never eager to pick a quarrel, and ordinarily he had nothing to say. I think his sense of humor rather got the better of him at the moment. It was pretty rich.

"Son," he says, his native hill drawl nowhere in evidence, "you must not come out like this without nursie any more. They're apt to spank you and put you to bed, and maybe they won't let you have any supper."

"The rattle of hayseed," solemnly observed Smythe. "Go ahead; get some fun out of it, if you can. I won't get mad. I'm too sorry for you. I know, you bimp, that you never had any chance."

With the toe of one of his boots, Boland kicked black earth over the newcomer's immaculate shoes. It was a deed born of simple mischief, and not malice.

Now what would you guess William Smythe did? Why, he drew back and planted a blow on Jack Boland's jaw! A good, stiff one it was, too, even if there wasn't any great weight behind it.

"Take that, you big cheese," he says, "and dirty me up again whenever you feel like it."

He had faith in his ability as a pugilist, Mr. Chatterton.

Usually a man gets struck in turn when he strikes a fellow of the timber of Jack Boland. If you step on the high end of a stick that lies across a stone, the other end flies up, doesn't it? Boland straightened his right arm with a snap, and Smythe lay dazed on the ground. There was a silence following. Smythe didn't try to rise immediately. Then Sourwood Bud Hadley laughed a sluggish laugh:

"Haw, haw, haw!"

Boland walked slowly to my office doorstep, half turned, and stood leaning against the facing. He seemed very sober now.

"I wouldn't have done that, Jack," said I. "He's too little."

"I'm mighty sorry now, super," says he, "that I did do it."

With that, he went to the nearby boarding-house porch, sat himself down heavily in a homemade chair, and began to stare absentmindedly toward the floor at his feet. I saw the kid get up and pass the back of a white hand across his eyes. He appeared to be just coming to himself again. In another minute he had made his way unsteadily to the porch and halted beside Boland. Jack didn't even look around, tho he must have known that Smythe was there.

Smythe then deliberately struck Boland hard on the side of the face!

"Take that, you big cheese!" he says. "I'll hit you every time I see you," says he, "as long as there's a hit left in me!"

Jack rose, but he did not show fight. The kid drew back to strike again, saw Boland's countenance, and let his clinched hand fall slowly to his side.

"Buddy," Jack says, speaking earnestly, "I never asked a man's pardon before, but I ask yours now. You've got the real stuff in you. I'd rather be your friend than your enemy. It's been said that I make a good friend, and you'll sure need one if you stay here. What about it?"

He put out his right hand. Nobody living, unless it was Hadley, could have kept his out of it. They shook.

Boland at once led William Smythe off into the woods and had a talk of some length with him. Smythe had made an almost fatal beginning by showing himself in that dolled-up, foppish rigging, and Boland wanted him redeemed in the eyes of the crew. When the two of them came back to the camp clearing at sundown, they seemed quite happy.

We were at supper when Boland made the following announcement:

"A funeral will be held here at 3 o'clock tomorrow, Sunday afternoon," says he. "I want you all to be present."

The rest of us stared at one another. A funeral! Whose funeral? We didn't ask Boland, however, for if he'd been going to tell us beforehand he'd already have done it. I didn't guess the least part of the mystery, and I don't believe anybody else did.

On the next morning, I came upon Jack making a head-board in the shop, and on it I saw the name of William Smythe. This made me intensely curious, of course, but I refrained from quizzing.

About the middle of the afternoon of the next day, the kid and Jack lugged a long box to the edge of the clearing and dug a hole for it, while the others of the outfit and I watched in great interest and wonderment. The two star actors in the affair were very solemn-looking, tho once or twice I was sure I glimpsed a peculiar twinkle in their eyes. Smythe produced the pair of markers, and he kept them faced together in order that none of us could see the lettering that was on the broadest one.

The hole ready, Jackson Boland, master of ceremonies, opened the box, straightened, and removed his broad-rimmed hat.

"All those who wish may now come forward for a last look," says he, "at the remains of poor William Smythe."

We crowded up close. In the box lay—the white trousers and white shoes, screaming socks and ties, pink silk shirts and butterfly caps of the kid! A few of us laughed a little. I tell you, sir, there was about it something that kept us from laughing very much. At bottom, the significance of the thing was striking and earnest.

Boland and Smythe then put the cover on the box, dropped it into the hole, set up the markers, and threw in the loose earth. The moment that was finished, Jack turned to the erstwhile drug clerk:

"Take off your hat and face the crew," says he.

The kid obeyed with alacrity. Boland put a hand proudly on his little pal's shoulder.

"Men," he says in a big voice, "this is Sinking River Bill Smith!"

As you'd doubtless imagine, it took well. The only two of us who didn't stick out a paw to "Sinking River Bill" were Bud Hadley and Abner Renfro—Renfro was a kinsman of the Hadleys; did I tell you that? And every man that shook Sinking River Bill Smith's hand said the same thing; in point of fact, I believe I used the words myself:

"Put 'er there, Sinkin' River!"

That was how they christened Bill Smith, who had risen from the pale ashes of William Smythe, as it were—mind you, the y is pronounced as i in smite!

The summer passed, and work went on. Old men dropped out, and new men came in, but still I had in the crew the reincarnation and Jack Boland, Bud Hadley and Abner Renfro. I have wondered whether Fate, granting that there is such a thing, didn't keep them there for the test of friendship that was to come. Smith, I must tell you here, Mr. Chatterton, had become sunburned and strong, a fair logger and a very fine little fighter; and his devotion to Boland was on the edge of idolatry.

As autumn progressed with its frosts and colored leaves, Jack became more active than ever in his harassing of the Hadleys, persecutors and killers of his people. He whipped them by twos occasionally, and was too shrewd for them when they tried to shoot him from the laurels; he seemed to have the eyes of a super-hawk on all sides of his head. It was odd that he didn't carry a weapon, the education the outside world had given him notwithstanding. The only answer I am able to find for that is that he didn't want to take human life. To hammer a man up with his fists was one thing, you see, sir, while to kill him outright was another.

ALONG in October, old man Henry Summerlin, who numbered among his possessions a very pretty daughter, moved into the Sinking River section from the Little Big Creek country; Summerlin had been a bosom friend of the older set of Bolands. Jack took to visiting old man Henry frequently of evenings, and soon whispering tongues got to work—Jack was calling to see Kate, of course, which he certainly wasn't; he had all due respect for womenfolk, but nothing more. And as time went on, I noticed that a peculiar coolness was growing up between Jack and Sinking River Bill, and I at once guessed the reason; the fiery little devil was jealous of that girl!

Well, this coolness took the very oddest of forms, it stalked around in the guise of pity. Smith pitied Boland because he thought Boland had got sentimental; Boland pitied Smith because he thought Smith should have more faith in a pal than that—and neither mentioned the matter to the other. However, if Sinking River Bill had openly accused Jack, he wouldn't have denied it; it was his way. A kind of armed truce existed, and it endured heroically until Christmas, when Smith made Boland a present of a milk bottle with full and complete rubber equipment!

Jack got so mad that I was almost afraid he'd catch afire and burn up. But he said never a word.

"Sinking River," I said to the kid, "if

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the fool-killer ever comes to this immediate neighborhood, you'd better hide."

"Super," comes back the little pepperpod, "you've got enough business o' your own to 'tend to, prob'ly."

There was but one man in the crew who was unwise enough to laugh out at Jack Boland on account of the milk-bottle Christmas present, and that was Sourwood Bud Hadley. Boland took a new oxwhip from the commissary, drove Hadley from the camp, and told him he must never show his face there any more. Abner Renfro went with Sourwood Bud. Soon afterward, Boland himself left camp, and so did Smith. Somebody suggested that Hadley had gone for a gun, and it was a good guess. I supposed that Jack had started to visit with old man Henry Summerlin again, but he hadn't.

This was on a Sunday morning. Shortly before sundown of that day Abner Renfro returned to camp by way of a path that leads to Beechwood X Roads, which is at the end of a rural telephone line running out from Johnsboro, seat of this county and our shipping point. Renfro's eyes were watery, and a flush burned in either of his cheeks, and this told me plainly that he'd been drinking. He sat down on the porch with others of the crew, among whom were Smith and Boland; Sinking River Bill and Jack had come back separately not long after noontime. Renfro, so to speak, kept one eye on Boland, and the other on the mouth of the Johnsboro trail. I saw that he was expecting somebody, and I wondered who it could be.

Just as the cooky finished putting supper on the table and started with a steak-beater to hammer on the railroad-iron triangle gong that hangs near the kitchen door, a horseman rode into the clearing. It was Tom Dale, the sheriff. He halted at the porch steps, spoke cordially to us, dismounted, and began to look narrowly at Jack Boland. Then he dropped his horse's rein and walked up to Jack.

"I'm sorry," says he, "but I've got to arrest you. You're accused of shooting and killing Bud Hadley."

It seemed pretty hard, after Boland's doing all his fighting without a gun. But Boland laughed.

"Well, well!" he says. "When is it supposed that I did it, Tom?" says he.

"This morning," Dale answers. "Will you go with me in a peaceable fashion, Jack—or must I iron you?"

Boland looked straight into Dale's eye, so straight that Dale almost quailed, and he was a man of strong will.

"Tom," says Jack, "I pass you my word that I won't give you any trouble without irons. Because," says he, "I didn't kill Sourwood Bud. If I had, do you think I'd be sitting here waiting for you? It's a thin game, and I'll see it thru. If I didn't want to go with you, Tom," he adds, "you couldn't take me if it was to save your life."

"You must have supper," I tell them, "before you start."

Poor little Sinking River Bill, who had heard it all, walked up beside his pal. He was about to say something, but he didn't, not just then. We went in to supper, and Dale sat with his prisoner about where you, Mr. Chatterton, are sitting now. Sinking River Bill sat on a bench directly across the table from the sheriff.

Tho the food was excellent for a logging camp, it was rather a poor meal. Nobody had much to say, and the knives and forks made an ungodly racket, somehow; and when the cooky asked if anybody wanted a hot cathead—biscuit, that is—it sounded like a desecrating voice in a church. Smith probably didn't know what he ate. As well as I remember, he began with pie and ended with bacon and beans. He finished before the rest of us, looked across the table and said:

"Will you kindly pass the pepper?"

Dale reached for it; it was in a tin box. He gave it to Smith, who kept his gaze on the officer as he slyly took off the cover.

"Mr. Dale," suddenly says Sinking River Bill, "if you think I'm a poor snide with feathers on my legs, you're badly mistaken. I'm no mollycoddle, and no long-tailed rat. The man you've got arrested was my pal, before he got it into his head to get married to a dang skirt, and if I was to let you take him down to your jail I'd be all them things I said I wasn't, and more, too. Mr. Dale," he says, "Jack told you he didn't kill Hadley, and he didn't. How do I know? I know, all right. And will I be a witness for him in court?"

Dale straightened on his bench and stared, his knife and fork dropping with a noisy clatter to his plate. Then Sinking River Bill answered his own question and asked another.

"I will not be a witness for him in court. Know why?"

"Why?" Dale drawls, wonderingly.

"Because I killed Hadley myself!" cries Smith, and with that he emptied the whole box of pepper into Tom Dale's face and broke for the doorway.

Dale snatched his gun from its holster and fired blindly—and foolishly. When his second bullet struck the wall, Sinking River Bill was passing the end of the table there. When he at last got to the porch, his eyes burning and streaming, Smith was in the laurels and going strong. We heard Smith's voice:

"Good-by—old softheaded Jack!" he yells. "Stick to the milk bottle!"

Jack Boland, pleased mightily at the big show of iron his little pal had made, turned to me.

"Do you think he really did it, super?" says he.

"Yes," said I, "I believe he really did it. Can you make an alibi?"

Boland shook his head, walked up behind Tom Dale and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Aren't you afraid I'll get away, Tom?" he laughs.

"Get away, if you want to!" storms Dale, and he swore like a logger. "The kid is the guilty party, all right. I'm not even going to bother with taking you to Johnsboro; I had only Abner Renfro's word that it was you got Hadley, and that's not very good evidence. Where is Renfro, anyway?"

Oddly or not, sir, he couldn't find Renfro. He rode back to town, and busied himself with certain telephone and telegraph lines in eastern Tennessee, western North Carolina, and southern Virginia.

But the law never got Sinking River Bill.

I'LL say here, Mr. Chatterton, that I soon had the thing all figured out—to my own satisfaction, at least. Hadley, I told myself, had gone for a rifle with which to shoot Boland after Boland had driven him out of camp with the oxwhip; the kid had foreseen that, and had watched Hadley; he had shot Bud to save Jack Boland's life, and was too badly miffed at Jack to let him know it, but he had been good enough to confess to the killing when it was put at Boland's door. You will soon know whether I was right or wrong in this figuring.

The winter went on with its snows and blows, and we neither saw nor heard anything of Sinking River Bill. Boland kept with me, and his ears were always open for news from other camps; if he had seen the slightest chance of finding Smith, I am sure that he would have gone to look for him.

Jack worked harder than ever after

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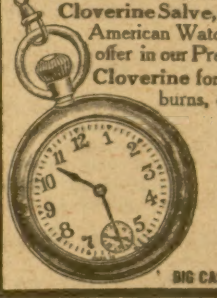

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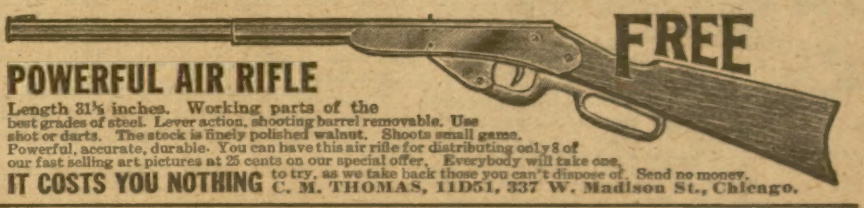

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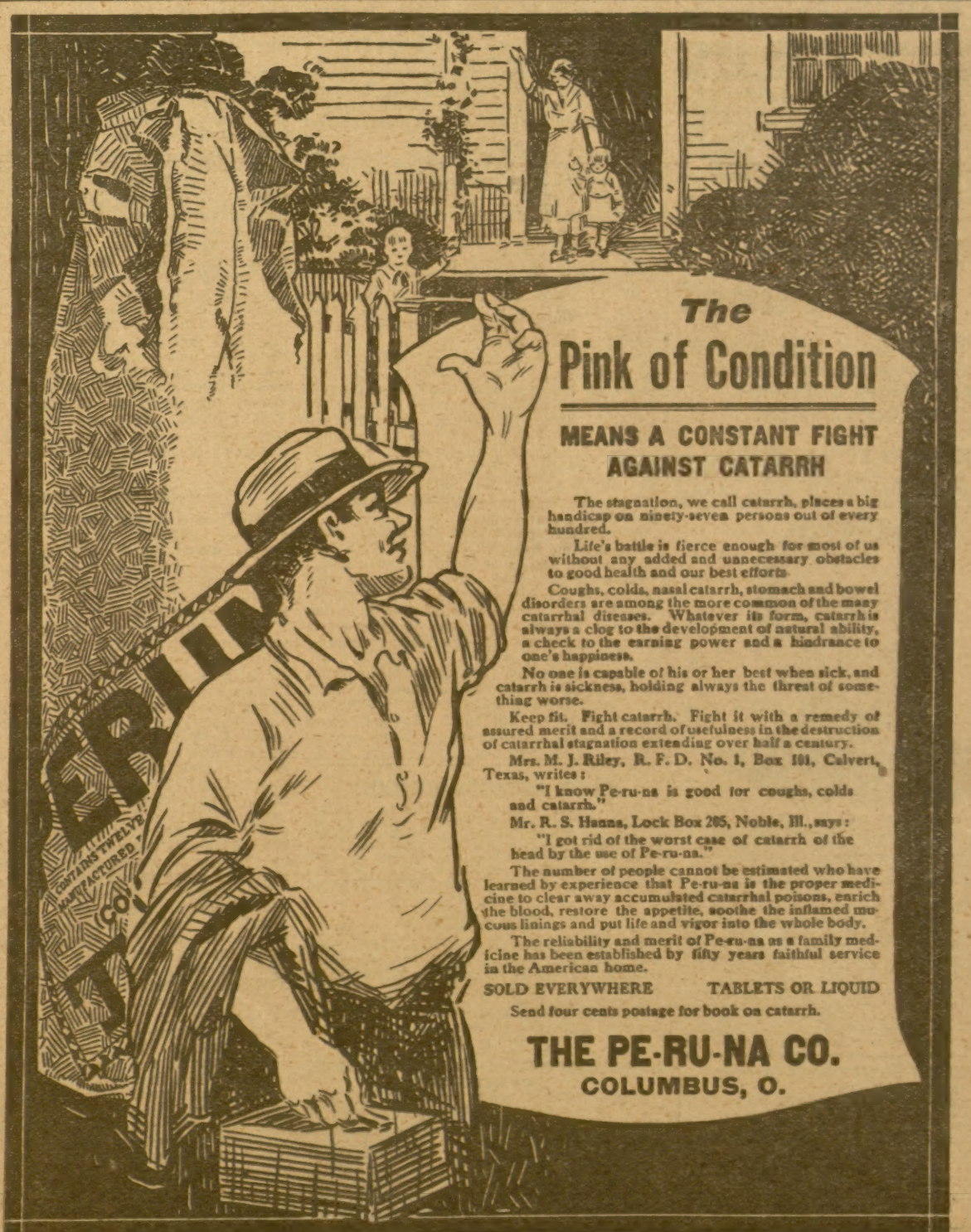

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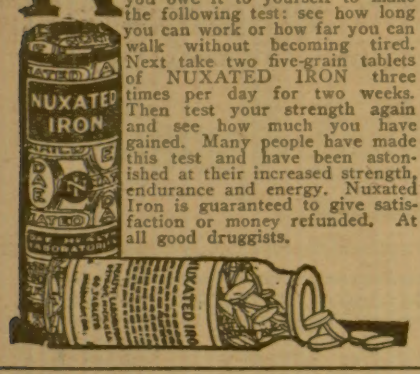

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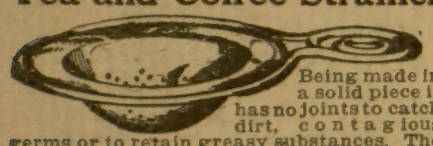

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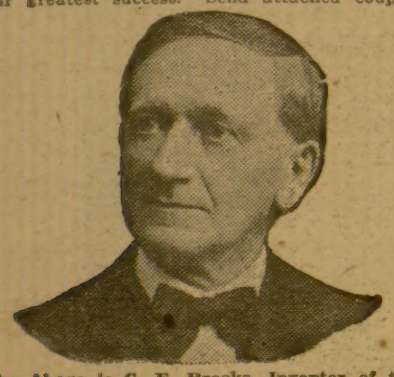

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his little pal left him, and he stopped his visiting old man Henry Summerlin. He had always been a great logger, and now he became a wonder. The company wanted a superintendent for a new outfit in a neighboring State, and I asked for the place for Jack and got it. On the evening the company's letter came with the good news, I called Boland into my office and told him. To my surprise, he did not appear to be especially pleased.

"The thing for you to do, Jack," said I, "is to take this big job, marry, and settle down. The Summerlin girl likes you, from what I hear, and she'd make a fine wife for any man."

Now, what do you suppose Jackson Boland said to me then? It was this:

"I wonder," he says, "where that d—d kid went."

Then he jerked himself up and looked at me closely.

"Super," says he, "you're right about the Summerlin girl. She's a wonderful little person. I never saw any other girl——"

His thoughts left her, and I heard him say as he muttered to himself:

"What the devil do I want with a woman?"

He didn't accept the job, tho he thanked me for my pains in its connection.

Weeks later, or maybe it was months later, Jack Boland came to me wearing a very thoughtful countenance.

"Super," he says, "did it ever occur to you that Sinking River never killed Hadley at all; that he owned up to it to save me?"

It had, but I had worked it out as I told you.

"I've been trying to get at the bottom of it," Jack goes on, "for a long time. I have an idea Abner Renfro knows who killed Bud. Abner is sick now, super, and Dock Hankins is his doctor. I know Hankins mighty well, and I'm going to get him to work a little on Abner's imagination."

With that Jack smiled and walked off. He told me later what happened late in the evening of the next day, which was this:

Renfro lived with a bachelor uncle in a mildewed and rotting cabin; the uncle was rarely at home, and he wasn't at home now. When Dock Hankins walked in with his old-fashioned saddlebags and sat down at Abner's bedside, Jack Boland was near enough to overhear anything that was said; the daubing had fallen out from between the logs of the walls. Hankins counted the sick man's pulse and shook his head as tho sadly.

"Abner," says he, "if you got any peace to make wi' the hereafter, I edvises you to make it now."

Renfro had a yellow streak that reached from the tip of one forefinger to the tip of the other. He was scared badly. He says to Hankins:

"You're a preacher o' the Gospel as well as a doctor, ain't you?"

"Yes," nods old Dock, and he was; most mountaineer doctors are also preachers, you know. "Tell me what's troublin' you, Abner," says he.

"We—well," stammers Renfro, "I'm afeared—about Bud Hadley. He fell down on his gun and shot hisself accident'ly, and he made me promise whilst he died that I'd swear Jack Boland killed him—he hated Jack somethin' awful, Dock. I t-told that, b-but I didn't swear it. Will that b-bar me, Dock?"

Yes, I'd been off the trail with my guessing!

A few weeks after that, sir, I came back from a visit home, and Jack was not here. He had got a letter, the commissary clerk told me, and he had burned it on the apron of the commissary heater. But a part of the envelope had not burned, and on it the clerk showed me half of the dim postmark of a town in Alaska.

It is a long way, Mr. Chatterton, from the hills of Tennessee to Alaska's hills, but Jack Boland had gone—to Sinking River Smith, his pal. Er—will you kindly pass the pepper?

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For Ledger Girls and Boys

A Splendid Hero.

IN NEW YORK CITY on the spot of his execution stands a magnificent memorial to a splendid hero. It is a statue of Nathan Hale, the American who was hanged as a spy on Sept. 22, 1776.

Hale was born in Connecticut on June 6, 1755. He was a delicate boy, but with manhood came strength, and his ambition to use his strength to aid his country made him at the age of 20 give up the position of teacher and join the American Army at Boston. His bright smile and lovable disposition won for him many friends and his ability won for him a captaincy. Hale went with the Army to New York, and while there he offered himself for that service which resulted in his capture and execution.

Washington wanted to know of the enemy movements and he asked for some one to volunteer to go into the British camp. Hale volunteered. His friends tried to dissuade him, but he answered: "I wish to be useful." In the disguise of a schoolmaster seeking employment he visited the British camps in Brooklyn and New York and discovered much that would be of value to Washington. He passed without suspicion and prepared to return to Washington's Army. Arrangements had been made for a boat to meet him and conduct him in safety to his own lines. While waiting at a tavern for the arrival of the boat he was recognized by a man who informed the British who he was. Not knowing what had occurred, he boarded the boat the next morning to carry his news to his General, but the boat was a British vessel, and it carried him back into the enemies' hands. In the British camp he was searched and his notes were found in his shoes. He made no denials, no excuses, but faced his captors like the gallant hero he was and listened unflinchingly to the sentence to be hanged the next morning. His dying words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

A story is told, but its truth is not certain, that the night before he died Hale rewrote his notes and concealed them in his waistcoat. After his death his betrothed came to Howe's camp and asked that the body of her beloved might be removed to the family burial plot. This Howe, in accordance with the army rules of the time, refused, but a young officer, taking pity on the girl's grief, told her to return to the camp in secret at moonlight and he would help to obtain the body. That night Hale's father accompanied the young girl in a boat to the British camp and with the aid of the officer removed the body of the spy from its grave. When the boat bearing its burden had left the sight of the British lines the notes were discovered in the waistcoat, and by the efforts of the hero's father and his sweetheart were finally placed in the hands of General Washington. This is a very interesting anecdote, but it may be the mere fancy of an author's imagination.

A Historical Game.

HERE is a lovely game to play on a cool autumn evening when you gather about the freshly laid fire. The players—and they may be young people or older folks, or the group may consist of both—sit about in a semicircle and the first player begins:

I am thinking of a rock coast in a wild and uncultivated land. Stretching inland from the coast are vast forests. Near the coast is a small boat and from it men and women are making their way toward the shore. Their dress is plain, and their faces have a weary look, yet there is the light of inspiration and hope in their tired eyes. Little children bravely pick their way over the rocks and follow their parents onto the barren land. They have traveled a great distance to this unknown shore. Do you know who they are; and why they have braved the dangers of the sea to come to this land, where neither food nor shelter awaits them?

The answer to this story is the tale of the Pilgrim band that landed in Plymouth, and when this had been told the person who has supplied the facts, takes his or her turn in the center and goes on with another historical story. The stories given here are merely samples of the game. Original tales may be made up by the individual players.

I am thinking of a little island in the Mediterranean Sea. On this island in plain view of the mainland is a large building, and in the building seated at a table is a man. His face is sad and unhappy and his shoulders have a sullen look. He appears to be brooding over his misfortunes for the man has fallen from a great position. As he sits in solitary exile he thinks of other days when he ruled the world and was monarch of all that he surveyed. His one thought is of escape from the little island where guards watch his every move, and once more to make himself king of all the world. Do you know who this sad man is?

Napoleon.

Are You a Mother? Do You Need Help?

THEN THIS LETTER IS OF VITAL IMPORT TO YOU

Decatur, Ill.—"My first experience with Dr. Pierce's medicines was after motherhood. My health seemed to fail and nothing gave me any relief. I was in a very nervous state, was all run-down and weak. I could scarcely get around to do any work. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the Golden Medical Discovery, alternately, and by the use of these medicines I was restored to good health. And since that time I have been a constant user of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the liver and stomach, or for bilious sick-headaches. I find very little need for any medicine other than Dr. Pierce's to keep me in good health."—Mrs. W. T. Marshall, 1435 N. Illinois St.

Your neighborhood druggist sells all Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, in tablets or liquid. Write Dr. Pierce, Pres. Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

Use Pyramid For Piles

The Relief from Pain and Distress by Using Pyramid Pile Suppositories Induces You to Tell the Good News to Others. Send for a Free Trial

Perhaps you are struggling with the pain and distress of itching, bleeding, protruding piles or hemorrhoids. If so, ask any druggist for a 60 cent box of Pyramid Pile Suppositories. Take no substitute. Relief should come so quickly you will wonder why anyone should continue to suffer the pain of such a distressing condition. For a free trial package, send name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 613 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUBlic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

WRITE A SONG POEM—LOVE, MOTHER, home. Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 649 Reaper Block, Chicago.

HAVE YOU SONG POEMS? I HAVE BEST proposition. Ray Hibbeler, D45, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

MEN

GET GOVERNMENT JOBS. $110 MONTH. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 6, Rochester, N. Y.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURE. HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for 10c. Book Supply Co., Dept. B, Batavia, N. Y.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WANTED—A SALES MANAGER—TO SELL our products to housewives and dealers in your territory. Great opportunity to make big money, and connect permanently with largest manufacturers of highest grade cleaners and polishes on the market. Send 25c for packing and shipping, will send you full size package to prove the wonderful opportunity we offer. Write at once for exclusive territory. Samoline Corporation, 2134 No. Clark St., Chicago.

OIL GAUGE FOR FORDS. REMARKABLE new invention. Sells on sight. Big profits, easy. Exclusive distributors wanted. Address Sales Mgr., 814 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—$20 A DAY TAKING ORDERS for Insyde Tyres. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Guaranteed double tire mileage. Old worn out casings will give 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. No tools needed. Just slip inside casing before replacing tube. Will not heat or pinch. Katz made over $500 first month. Biggest thing on the market. Low priced. Write for territory. American Accessories Co., B-1013, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS SELL THE FIVE-IN-ONE WRINGER mop; just out. A sanitary mop, mop stick, scrub brush, scraper and adjustable mop wringer combined; operates exactly like a clothes wringer; over 150% profit; guaranteed for three years; agents coining money; highly endorsed; best agents proposition; let us prove it to you. Write Five-In-One Mfg. Co., Inc., Worcester, Mass.

AGENTS—SELL ARTICLES WHICH RE-peat and on which you can build up a permanent business. You can do it with "Zanol" Products, a high class line of soaps, perfumes, flavors, coffee, tea, baking powder and other pure food products and household necessities. Write today for new money-making plan. American Products Co., 5036 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS SELL THE PLYMOUTH SHOPPING bag. Leatherette sateen lined, made to sell for $1. Large profit to you. A 15 year old boy sold 25 in a few days. Lady, 7 in one hour. A 70 year old man, 70 doz. in a few weeks. Write for full particulars. Sample by post, 75c. E. Kondon, 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS — SOMETHING NEW, MUSIC chest. Marvelous invention. Does more than machines costing 20 times its price. We paid Ted Gnau $4,445 for four months' work; Gratz made $394 one week; Jest made $7,255 in six months; eight men placed over 16,000 music chests. Write for terms, sample and territory. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 2311, Dayton, Ohio.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Continental Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

GENERAL AGENTS, SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

COIN MONEY SELLING NEVERWET shoulder strap waterproof aprons. Every woman buys. Best on market. We manufacture and ship direct. Get details today. A. T. Bergen Manufacturing Company, 413 Locust street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

BIG PROFITS IN OUR COMPLETE LINE of hosiery; low prices, big values. We want men and women to represent us in every locality. Samples furnished. Greater New York Sales Company, 103 West 39th street, New York.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS $7 A DAY TAKING ORDERS FOR New Stove Transformer for home use. Substitutes kerosene for coal and generates gas for cooking, baking and heating. Used year around. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 309 Mat St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—MAKE $1000 BEFORE XMAS selling 3 in 1 utility bag. Made in black and other attractive colors. Big profits. Moore made $280.00 in 2 weeks. Deal direct with factory. Churchill-Lippincott, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY $8 TO $16 A DAY. Aluminum handle cutlery set. Brand new. You display and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample free. Try it out. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1615, Dayton, Ohio.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS MAKE $20 TO $40 DAILY SELLING our new beautiful $1 combination for 50c; agents' price only 16c. Easiest, quickest seller ever offered. United Soap Works, 71 Park Place, N. Y.

AGENTS SELL OUR BIG $1 BOX MOUN-tain Herb Tablets for only 49c. 300% profit. Finest medicine. Best seller. Everyone buys. Write for terms. Mt. Herb Co., Asheville, N. C.

$100.00 WEEKLY INTRODUCING WON-derful kerosene burner, used on old lamps. Smokeless, unbreakable; guaranteed five years. Agent's sample 50c. Vapolite Co., Dept. 398, Toledo, Ohio.

BIG LINE—BIG PROFITS—COLD CREAMS, face powders, perfumes, remedies, spices, extracts, pie fillers, baking powder. Catalog free. Western Laboratories, 1953 Van Buren, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS: SOMETHING NEW. WIRELESS guaranteed umbrella. Adjust new top in minute. Handles collapse to fit suitcase. Other features. Popular prices. Free sample. Parker Mfg. Co., 209 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SALES AGENTS. ESTABLISH BIG PAYING year round business. Newest hosiery. Written guarantee. New hose free if unsatisfactory. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 515, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

A SKIN FOOD AND BALM THAT IS A WIN-ner. Cream Superba very effective. Delightful. For everybody. Big repeater. Send dime for postage, get full-sized jar. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. C 56, Attica, N. Y.

AGENTS: SEND FOR 10 PACKAGES NA-tive herbs for constipation and family use. Sell at 10c each. You keep half. Make big money. Your credit is good. Melrose Co., Dept. 402, Columbus, Ohio.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL DUO Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 56, Attica, N. Y.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS MAKE $72 A WEEK BY SELLING 4 average Cresco raincoats a day. Outfit free. No delivering. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. 185, Ashland, O.

BIG PROFITS EASY. DUPLEX TRANS-formers needed on every auto. Save gas. Easily sold. Exclusive distributors wanted. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 214 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

SALES AGENTS—CAN MAKE $10 TO $15 a day selling Cresco newleather utility bags and waterproof aprons. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. 186, Ashland, Ohio.

THE LARGEST 7 PIECE $1 COMBINATION ever offered agents for 30c. United Soap Works, 73 Park Place, New York.

AGENTS—TOILET ARTICLES. BIG PAY. Sale every home. Samples free. Richard Spencer, Martinsville, Va.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR-ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AUTO-VIM SAVES 1-3 GAS, MAKES POW-er, kills carbon. Cara, Box 2571, Boston, Mass.

HELP WANTED

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS DECEM-ber. Positions $1400-$1600. Age, 18 upward. Experience unnecessary. For free particulars, instruction, write J. C. Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

HUNDREDS MEN-BOYS, OVER 17, WANT-ed as Government railway mail clerks. Commence $135 month. Steady. List positions free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. T 26, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC IN-spectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime; home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR-tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS NEEDED QUICK-ly (men-women), $1400-$2300—few to travel. Write Mr. Ozment, Former Government Examiner, 106 St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

WANTED MEN—BECOME AUTOMOBILE experts. $35 week. Earn while learning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. T 404, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN-necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVES-tigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

BE DETECTIVE: OPERATE AT HOME or travel. Experience unnecessary. Sturgis Detective Agency, Norton, Va.

FOR SALE

TRUNKS, BAGS, SUITCASES. WHY PAY two middlemen profits? Buy from factory direct. Send for free catalog. Monarch Trunk Factory, Spring Valley, Ill.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book explaining everything mailed for 10c, to cover postage, etc. Ward. Pub. Co., Tilton, N. H.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING. THOSE DE-siring plain sewing home. Any sewing machine; city, country. No canvassing. Steady. To prevent curiosity seekers, send twelve cents. Samples, information. Good Wear Cloth Co., Asbury Park, N. J.

WANTED — GIRLS - WOMEN. BECOME dress designers. $135 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately, Franklin Institute, Dept. T 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$20,000 PER LOT AND OIL ROYALTY made by investments in Texas oil town lots. $5 may start you on an investment to make a fortune. You obtain deed to lot 50x135 ft. in established town on main line Southern Pacific Railroad within sight of oil field making 18,000 barrels daily. Well now starting on edge of townsite. Write today for information. Morris Investment Co., 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

CHANCE FOR FORTUNES NEAR 10,000 barrel gusher in new Pierce Junction field. Let us submit our proposition on lots near field and in 5-mile radius of Houston's main business district. Own your ground, mineral rights and all. Easy terms. Good profit assured. Write Harris County Investment Co., 489 Commercial Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas. References: First National Bank. Salesmen wanted.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU-sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Dementl, St. Louis, Mo.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

FREE MAP, STRAWN FIELD, STEPHENS County, Texas. Great gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information. Schimmel Co., Suite 844, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

THIRTEEN CENTS DAILY FOR TEN months buys outright five acres Texas oil and mineral land that may be worth $100,000. Write Gulf Realty Company, 306 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

FIVE DOLLARS CINCHES DEED TO PROP-erty and interest in oil well. Write immediately for full particulars. M. F. Hinckley, 328 Beatty Bldg., Houston, Texas.

MEDICAL

DON'T DOPE YOURSELF—LEARN THE truth about patent medicines and quack doctors by reading "Nostrums and Quackery," a new and profusely illustrated book of 832 pages. Cloth bound, $2.00 postpaid. Returnable if unsatisfactory. Sample pages on request. American Medical Association, 523 North Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

MEN—FIVE YEARS AGO WE PERFECTED a simple, electrically heated device for the treatment of prostate trouble. Today it is permanently relieving nine out of ten who buy it. Maybe it will relieve you. If it doesn't we'll return your money. Don't jump at conclusions. Ask for free descriptive book. Address The Electro Thermal Company, 7126 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio.

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLAD-der trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

GALLSTONES—FREE BOOK TELLS OF improved method of treating inflammation of gallbladder and bile ducts. Write today. Dr. Paddock. Box 7J201, Kansas City, Mo.

MEDICAL ITEMS

HERB RECIPE BOOK 10c. WORTH $5. Teaches how to make medicines of all kinds from herbs. Over 250 recipes and herb secrets. Herbalist, Dept. B, Hammond, Ind.

PATENTS

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PAT-ent should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CON-tains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C

OLD COINS

CENTS WORTH DOLLARS. DO YOU know that coin collectors pay up to $100.00 cash for certain old U. S. cents? As well as high premiums for all rare coins. We buy all rare coins. Send 4c. Get large coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Tex.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES HAVE been made in the moving picture business. Small investment needed. We furnish complete theatre equipment. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Dept. 600, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 734 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES WANTED

AMBITIOUS WRITERS SEND TODAY FOR free copy America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 642 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AMBITIOUS to make money writing stories and photoplays. Send for wonderful free book that tells how. Authors' Press, Dept. 164, Auburn, N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

NURSERY STOCK

A DOLARGRAM OF APPLE TREES, FOUR trees by mail postpaid, pruned ready for planting. Transparent, Duchess, Delicious and Winesap, and one Kudzu Vine, all for one dollar. Catalog. Cumberland Nurseries, Box A, Winchester, Tenn.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; IF you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, and ache in the back, a dread of the toil and hardships of every day life, these are signs that some of the organs or functions of your body are not in a healthy condition and should have attention at once. We cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO-ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378 Pleasant avenue, St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

SSS FOR IDEAS—PHOTOPLAY PLOTS accepted any form; revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed; advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 902 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL-ist, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information; send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland California.

LONESOME WIDOW, OWNS GOOD FARM and has means. Wishes to correspond with view to matrimony. Mrs. Campbell, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 19B26, Camden, N. J.

WORTH TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND, I want a wife. Address Box 383, South Jacksonville, Florida.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE-scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA-per published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

LONELY-HEARTS WRITE BETTY LEE, 28 East Bay street, Room 19, Jacksonville, Florida. Stamp.

MAN OF HEALTH, WEALTH AND REFINE-ment considering marriage. Ladies, write me. Box 684, Dennison, Ohio.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOK-let free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

RANCHER, WORTH $100,000, WANTS WIFE. Ladies, write. (J-W), Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA-per published mailed free. Address American Distributor, Suite 215, Blairsville, Pa.

HAVE YEARLY INCOME OF $10,000.00 AND want a husband. Address Box 353, South Jacksonville, Florida.

LADY, 32, WITH HOME AND FARM, WANTS husband. B-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

ATTRACTIVE BACHELOR GIRL, 26, WORTH $10,000, will marry. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

RETIRED BUSINESS MAN, WORTH $60,000, will marry. J-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WIDOW, 45, WORTH $50,000, WANTS HUS-band. K-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

LADY FARMER, 35, WORTH $60,000, WILL marry. N-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 BRINGS 400 LADIES' ADDRESSES. Mrs. Brown, Box 518, Pueblo, Colorado.

A Message to Skin Sufferers

THERE are many skin sufferers, among them may be yourself, who have endured for many years the torment or humiliation of some form of skin disease, who have followed all manner of advice and still have been unable to find the relief which they sought.

Your trouble may be only a mild form of some simple skin eruption—no great suffering, but very, very humiliating and uncomfortable. Your face is disfigured and you are ashamed to appear among your friends. You wish to clear away the blight that hangs like a drawn curtain between yourself and your companions.

Skin Disease a Torment

Or you are consumed, perhaps, with the burning fire of a violent skin disease. The scales and the scabs cover your arms, your legs, your entire body. You are driven wild with the greedy itch that cannot be soothed or quieted. You know no sleep; your waking hours are hours of intense misery. You cry out for relief!

Times without number have you followed some hopeful advice and each time you have met only disappointment and despair.

"Who knows?" you ask. "Whose advice may I follow?"

Here is an answer given you honestly and frankly.

Reputable physicians will tell you today that the medical profession can only guess at what is the true cause of skin disease. Some say it is a blood disease and try treatments through the blood. Others say it is a skin disease, pure and simple, and treat the disease through the skin.

But science isn't sure. We shall not presume, then, to tell you what skin disease is when science itself frankly admits that it cannot tell.

But we can tell you about a prescription which has been used for twenty-five years in the treatment of skin disease. And, without making further claims, we ask you to read the letters from those who have used it.

A Doctor's Prescription

D. D. D. Prescription is the formula of a physician, Dr. D. D. Dennis, from whose initials it secures its name. The present enormous sale of this prescription is the result of twenty-five years of gradual growth from the time when Dr. Dennis first started treating patients in his immediate neighborhood.

We make no extravagant claims for D. D. D. We do not shout from the housetops, "Come one, come all—see, I cure, I cure!" There is nothing miraculous about this prescription. It is just a common sense lotion, compounded of well known soothing and healing ingredients—thymol, oil of wintergreen, etc.—just such elements as any conscientious physician might prescribe.

We know only this:—throughout twenty-five years, day by day, the written testimony of restored happiness and health keeps pouring in. Letters by thousands come from everywhere, with words of thanks and praise. They come freely without solicitation or suggestion of any kind. If you should ask, "What is the secret of D. D. D.'s success?" we should answer, "Read the letters which we receive and judge for yourself."

D. D. D. Prescription will be found effective in cases of Eczema, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Hives, Rash, Acne, Dandruff. Pimples often yield to treatment over night. In all cases, D. D. D. gives relief from itching upon the first application.

We Reproduce a Few Letters. READ THEM!

Four Generations Healed by D. D. D.

In Boise, Idaho, 12 years ago, my mother, Mrs. Mary E. Moore, had eczema on her hands. Eight M. D.'s did her no good. After six months of torture (unable to do any work) she was told by her mother to use D. D. D. Three bottles she used and has never had a return of it since, though she keeps a bottle on hand for she finds it good for any little disorder of the skin.

Some eight years after this, I was in training for a nurse, the M. D.'s said I had been poisoned with strong anesceptic Sol. But they were unable to cure the roughness of the skin. One 50 cent bottle of D. D. D. did the work and I have not been bothered since.

My baby is 2½ years old and has had a slight rash on her body for some time. The sample bottle you sent has dried it completely.

MRS. A. L. THOMAS,
Banning, Calif.

Years of Suffering.

I suffered for five years with the worst case of ringworm or dry eczema I ever saw. Tried everything I heard of or read about; also three doctors; I got no relief. Finally I read of D. D. D. and tried a sample. It did me good and I got a full size bottle, and before I used half of it I was healed and for four years I have stayed cured, not having seen one sign of return.

WILLIAM F. BUTLER,
R. F. D. 1, Box 70,
Warrenton, Va.

Pitiful Case of Eczema in a Baby.

My baby's neck and back were covered with clear blisters as large as half a dollar. His clothing would stick to him till he could hardly move. I was almost ready to go into nervous prostration seeing him suffer. Finally our doctor said he had done all he could do and advised us to take the baby to St. Louis to a skin specialist. He said the trouble was going to kill him and not to be long about it. I saw your ad and wrote to the druggist. The D. D. D. relieved the itching and stopped the blistering immediately. I feel that my boy would have been in his grave today if it hadn't been for D. D. D.

MR. & MRS. L. EDWARDS,
112 Mill St., Martin, Tenn.

"Three Doctors Failed—One Bottle of D. D. D. Cured Me."

I have been a user of D. D. D. for years—since I contracted a skin disease that three doctors failed to relieve or cure. D. D. D. cured it promptly with one bottle of the "Ordinary." I can recommend it to any person suffering with skin disease. We are never without D. D. D. in our house and have had it constantly on hand since 1904—17 years— or since I contracted the skin disease referred to above. You may refer anyone to me.

WILLIAM LAFONTAINE,
829 Colombia St.,
Scranton, Pa.

Complete Relief From Only a Half a Bottle.

"I was troubled with small fissures in palms of both hands. Was told it was eczema and applied numerous preparations with negative results. Finally I procured a bottle of your remedy at the Harper House Pharmacy. Have used but half the contents and the fissures and scabs have now disappeared. I certainly recommend your remedy to anyone so afflicted." C. C. SAMPLE,

2448 18th Ave., Rock Island, Illinois.

How Sweet Was Rest After 5 Months of Sleepless Torture.

I certainly can recommend your medicine in this community for what it has already done for me. I had not had a good night's rest for five months until I commenced using your D. D. D. and oh! how sweet was rest after suffering five months of severe torture.

MRS. LUCY J. TAYLOR,
Mechanicsburg, Va.

A Doctor's Own Case.

"About 35 years ago I had to do a great deal of walking for a year and the inside of my thighs began to chap and bleed and continued to grow worse, with an eruption all over the thighs and inside of the leg, clear to the ankle joint. I used all my knowledge to effect a cure. (I am a graduate from a medical college, class of 1875), but nothing helped me, in fact, it grew worse. Then I consulted other doctors and skin specialists and received no help, until life was a torture.

"This last spring I got hold of some D. D. D. and have found my first relief, until now it seems good to live. I am almost well, eruption all gone, callouses all gone, skin soft and white. Now you can imagine how I feel towards D. D. D. after 20 to 25 years of torture. I can't say enough in praise of it." R. S. AKERS, M. D.
Couderay, Wis.

"I though I would write you and thank you for the wonderful work your remedy has done for me. It is the best remedy I have ever seen. Everybody who has seen my face says so. I had very many pimples on my face and tried every other remedy on the market but yours is the only one that helped." L. C. HASEMAN.
830 South 19th St., Quincy, Ill.

In order to help the druggists all over the country who are selling this highly scientific remedy, we are making a special introductory offer to those who are not yet acquainted with the D. D. D. Prescription. We will send the first bottle only on this special offer, as explained below; future purchases must be made through your druggists.

Big Bottle Sent on Trial

we urge you to send the coupon below for a trial bottle of the famous D. D. D. Prescription. We can promise you that the effect of D. D. D. in most cases is instantaneous; a few drops and the itch is gone. Note that soothing, refreshing feeling! We have letters stating that our trial bottle alone was enough to free sufferers from the torment of skin disease. If, then, you are afflicted with eczema, ringworm, scales, pimples or any form of skin disease, mild or violent, send the coupon at once for this generous trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. Send no money with coupon. Do not delay for it may mean freedom at last for you from the agonizing torment of skin disease.

D. D. D. Laboratories
Dept. 3538
3845 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

Guarantee!

We are so sure of what D. D. D. will do for all skin sufferers who try it, that we are glad to make this liberal guarantee: Send for this bottle of D. D. D. at our risk. Try it with our **positive guarantee** that if you are not satisfied with results, you will get your money back positively and absolutely at once upon request.

If you are afflicted with eczema, ring worm, scales, pimples, or any form of skin disease, mild or violent, send the coupon at once for this generous bottle of D. D. D. Prescription on our guarantee. Send no money—merely send your name and address on coupon below. Do not delay for it may mean freedom at last for you from the agonizing torment of skin disease.

Send No Money

DON'T send any money; just write your name and address in the coupon below and mail, if you are suffering from any kind of skin disease. We will immediately send you a large bottle of D. D. D.—the same size as this picture. Pay the postman, on delivery, only 60c and postage.

START using D. D. D. according to directions. We can promise you that its effect is immediate; a few drops and the itch is gone. Note that soothing, refreshing feeling! Continue the treatment and see how soon your condition improves. We have letters stating that one bottle alone was enough to free some sufferers from the torments of skin disease.

D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. 3538,
3845 E. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

D. D. D. Co.—You may send me the large bottle of D. D. D. Prescription as per your introductory offer. I agree to pay the postman 60c and postage when he brings the bottle. You agree to refund the 60c at any time upon request if the Prescription does not prove satisfactory.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....